The Outlook

VOLUME 99 NOVEMBER 18, 1911 NUMBER 12

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE OUTLOOK COMPANY, 287 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT, PRESIDENT. WILLIAM B. HOWLAND, TREASURER. KARL V. S. HOWLAND, SECRETARY. YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS — FIFTY-TWO ISSUES — THREE DOLLARS IN ADVANCE. ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER AT THE NEW YORK POST-OFFICE

CONTENTS

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The Tobacco Trust Decree.... 639
Politics in England..... 639
Morocco..... 641
The Chinese Rebellion..... 642
The Alleged Italian Atrocities..... 643
Porto Rico's Grievance..... 643
Installation of Chancellor Brown..... 644
Forty-five Centuries of Egyptian Art.. 645
Howard Pyle..... 645
The Elections..... 646
John Meigs..... 648
The Chinese Constitution..... 649
The Trusts, the People, and the Square Deal..... 649
Editorial by Theodore Roosevelt
A Constitution for China..... 657
A Poll of the Press
Scientific Management and the Moral Law..... 659
By E. D. H. Klyce
The Boy Who Ran Away..... 664
By William E. Barton, D.D.
The Undertow..... 668
By George S. Wasson
The Peasant's Prayer (Poem)..... 676
By Ivan Swift
The Spectator..... 677
The New Books..... 679
Letters to The Outlook..... 682
By the Way..... 684

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THE OUTLOOK COMPANY
287 Fourth Avenue, New York City

Chicago Office, 122 South Michigan Boulevard London Office, 3 Regent Street

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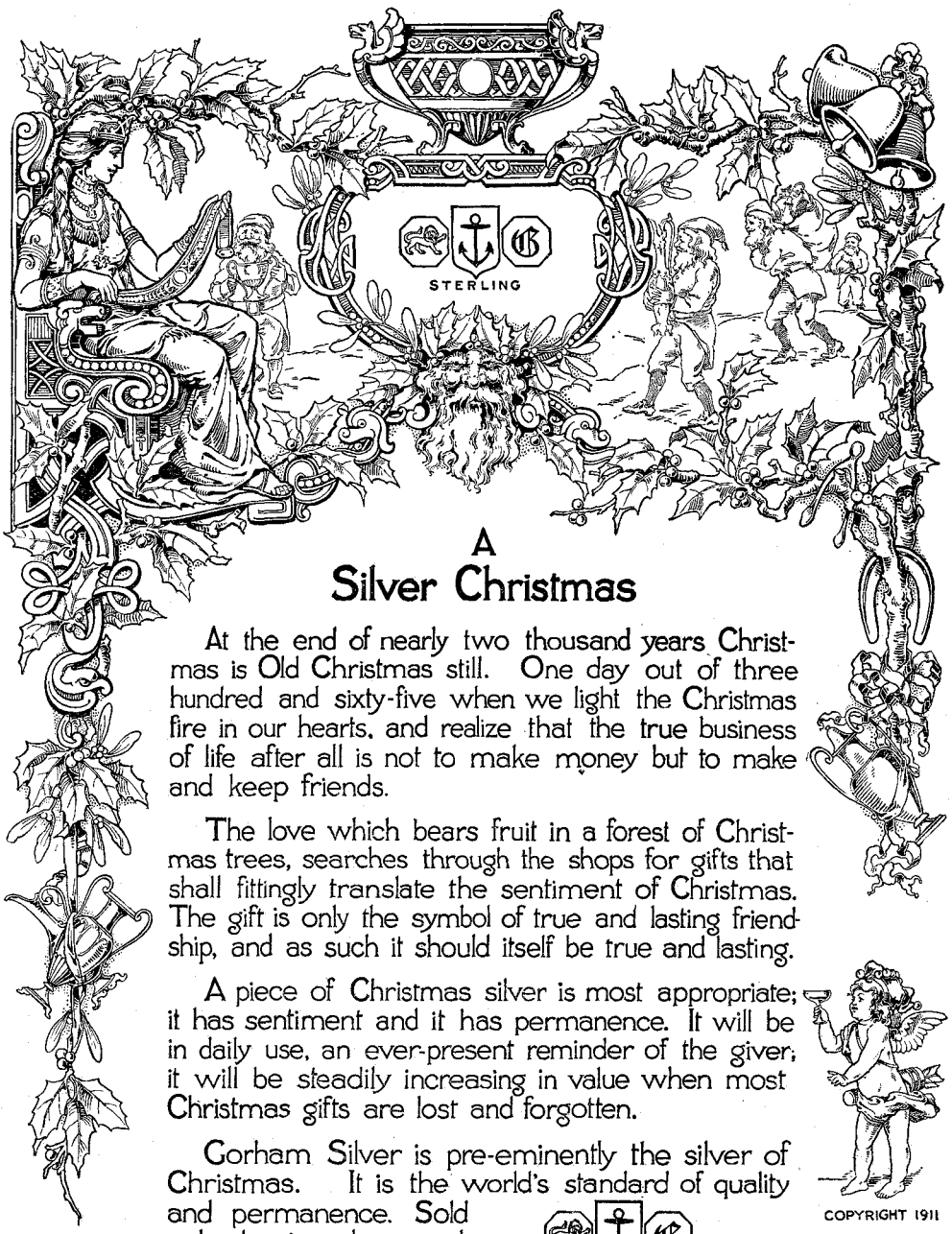

A Silver Christmas

At the end of nearly two thousand years Christmas is Old Christmas still. One day out of three hundred and sixty-five when we light the Christmas fire in our hearts, and realize that the true business of life after all is not to make money but to make and keep friends.

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The Outlook

NOVEMBER 18, 1911

LYMAN ABBOTT, Editor-in-Chief. HAMILTON W. MABIE, Associate Editor
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Contributing Editor

THE TOBACCO TRUST DECREE

One great group of companies, heretofore a Trust, is now in a fair way of learning how to be legal. In order to learn this, that combination, the American Tobacco Company and its subsidiary concerns, has had to submit to a long lawsuit, to a final decision by the Supreme Court, and to an order directing it to dissolve its organization and to submit to whatever plan of reorganization the United States Circuit Court in New York approves. Last week The Outlook reported that a plan had been submitted to the Court for approval; this week it records the fact that the plan submitted by the Trust, with some modifications, has received the approval of the Court. The organization of the Tobacco Trust, as this group of companies is known, was such a complicated network of interrelated concerns that it is impossible to state briefly what changes are involved in this plan of reorganization. The plan involves the breaking up of the American Tobacco Company into four separate concerns, one of them newly created for the purpose; the distribution among individual stockholders of stock held by one company in another; and the termination of contracts which have prevented competition —a plan which, to quote one of the Judges, makes "it necessary to tear apart this combination and force it into new forms." The New York "Times" remarks in native simplicity: "It will be the fault of business if it does not avail itself of and enjoy the freedom. Any corporation can get copies of the tobacco plan and of the Court's opinions." In other words, simply master this complicated tissue of legal and financial relations, and then master the complicated process by which this particular tissue is disintegrated, and you will know just what any business may or may not do under the Sherman Law. Even if this decision really did contain all the information that any man might need in order to avoid violation of the Sherman Law, it would still not be a simple matter to acquire it; but it does not. Indeed, the Court itself says that it is only passing upon this particular plan: "The only function assigned to us is to consider any proposed plan which responsible parties engage to carry out, and approve or reject it." We do not here go into the merits of the plan itself. Serious objections have been raised to it. The ownership in these companies, it is pointed out, remains in the same hands as heretofore; the forms, not the substance, it is asserted, of combination are affected; no real chance for supervision, it is argued, is afforded. Indeed, the independent dealers and manufacturers feel that now, with the Court's sanction, business tyranny in the tobacco industry is more secure than ever. Such matters as these we do not here discuss. One point alone we emphasize; namely, that this action of the Court makes practically no clearer the meaning of the Anti-Trust Law for the ordinary business man, and provides no means for preventing those evils of monopoly that are described by the Supreme Court—the fixing of prices, the limitation of output, and the deterioration of quality. The only way to deal with these evils is to endow an administrative body with the function that the Circuit Court has plainly said it is not fitted to exercise—the function of regulation.

POLITICS IN ENGLAND

The opening of the autumn session of the British Parliament finds the forces on one side of the political field united, compact, and determined; the forces on the other side disorganized, confused, and practically leaderless. The Government coalition of Liberals, Laborites, and Irish Nationalists preserves intact its majority of over one hundred. The Government programme not only for this session, but for the more important session

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of next year, is perfectly definite. The present session, naturally a short one, will be devoted entirely to the consideration of the Government's measure for the insurance of workingmen against illness, disability, and unemployment. Next year, the Prime Minister has announced, the Government will take up three great subjects—Home Rule for Ireland, which Mr. Asquith has declared "must consist of giving to Ireland with regard to popular Irish affairs not a shadow nor a simulacrum of responsibility, but full self-government;" the disestablishment of the Church in Wales; and the institution of manhood suffrage, which will presumably include not only the extension of the suffrage to the adult males now excluded, but the elimination of plural voting by the adoption of the principle, "one man, one vote." This is a full programme, and the Government can hardly expect to take up all three of these subjects simultaneously. Each one of them contains sufficient possibilities of controversy and dissension to keep the House of Commons busy for an indefinite time. It indicates, however, that the Government knows what it wants to do and proposes to afford to the coalition forces no uncertain leadership. Meanwhile the Insurance Bill is being pushed forward in the present session by the use of the very stringent rules for the elimination of debate which are available in the House of Commons whenever the Government wishes to make use of them. The opposition to the Insurance Bill appears to be directed rather at details than at the principle underlying the proposed reform. When the bill was first introduced at the last session by Mr. Lloyd-George, it was, if we are not mistaken, received with sympathy not only by the Government forces but by the Opposition, and, indeed, to a greater or less extent by all classes in the country. The problem which is now before the Government and the House of Commons is to perfect the details of the plan and to reconcile in so far as may be possible the interests of the different classes affected by the bill's provisions. While the Government forces are united, the Opposition is divided. The Unionist party for several years has been split into factions, first on the question of tariff reform and later on the question of submission or "last ditch" resistance to the Government's attack upon the veto power of the House of Lords. At the beginning of the present session this division was emphasized by the establishment of the Halsbury Club, in whose membership were included the members of the Unionist party who, under the leadership of the veteran Earl of Halsbury, had, at the last session, upheld the policy of "dying in the last ditch." It was commonly reported that one purpose of this organization and of the revolt which it embodied was to bring about the deposition of the leader of the Unionist party, Mr. Balfour. It was rumored that the motto of the Club was symbolized in the letters B. M. G., which, being interpreted, meant "Balfour Must Go." To what extent this slogan represented the real desire of the rampant faction of the party it will, of course, be difficult to judge, but we are inclined to suspect that many a militant critic of the leadership of the party was not only surprised but dismayed last week when Mr. Balfour suddenly resigned the position as Unionist leader which he has held for many years.

THE RESIGNATION OF MR. BALFOUR

The reason given by Mr. Balfour for his resignation of the leadership is ill health. But he gives another reason which in its expression is eminently characteristic of his philosophic and reflective turn of mind. In his speech he said:

> You may say I am not yet sixty-four, and that I ought to have, if health spared me, many years of active life before me. About that no man can say.
>
> Let me make a single observation. I desire to leave the position of heavy responsibility which I hold before I can be suspected of suffering from the most insidious of all diseases—a disease which comes upon those who, without losing their health or their intellect, nevertheless get somewhat petrified in the old courses which they have pursued; whose authority grows because they have been long in the public service, or have been great men of science, or business, or whatever it may be, but who cannot deal with the great problems which, in this charmed world, are perpetually arising, with all the freshness and elasticity really desirable in those who have the conduct of great concerns.
>
> No man ever knows in himself when that moment has come. A man knows he is ill. A man may even know when his memory begins to fail, or some other obvious sign of decay is pressed on his vision. But the sort of malady of which I am speaking may attack people in the prime of life, in the prime of intellectual vigor, as long as that intellectual vigor is exercised on the old lines. But nevertheless, although they may retain apparently all the powers both of brain and limb which they had in the prime of life, they are less capable of adapting themselves to the changing circum-

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stances of life than those who are of less authority because younger, and yet more capable, also because younger.

I am vain enough to hope that I have not reached that yet, but I should be miserable if I ran the margin fine, and nothing, I think, would be more terrible for me than to realize that, while people were looking to you more than ever owing to your lengthening experience or leadership, you have not got the keenness or alertness which must go with increasing years adequately to meet the demands made on it.

It is probable, also, that the dissension in the party and the expressed dissatisfaction with his leadership has had a not inconsiderable influence in bringing about his decision. In the House of Commons Mr. Balfour's retirement from the leadership will be a heavy loss to his party. He is probably the ablest living Parliamentarian and debater of his time. He is a fighter always to be feared by his opponents, but one who is no less admired and loved by them, because, in the words of Mr. Redmond, the Irish leader, he "always fought fair." In the Commons his party will miss his talent sorely; but whether he will be such a loss to the party in the nation will depend largely, it would seem, upon the personality of his successor and the way in which that successor will be able to shape future events. Mr. Balfour's career has been in a sense a paradoxical one. There is little doubt that he is constitutionally averse to the burdens of public life. A few years ago, while he was still Prime Minister, he said, "Give me my books, my golf clubs, and leisure, and I ask for nothing more. My ideal in life is to read a lot, write a little, play plenty of golf, and have nothing to worry about. If I could give up politics without disorganizing things or neglecting my duty, I would gladly do so." And yet, as he said in his speech before the Conservative Association, he has been in Parliament for nearly thirty-five years, and if one counts leadership of the Opposition as equivalent to holding office, as it should be counted, he has been in office for a quarter of a century continuously. He has held the position of leader of his party in the House of Commons for a longer period than any other man in Parliamentary history except Pitt. This record of public service is all the more noteworthy for a man whose natural inclinations were all in quite a different direction. By a generation of unselfish, high-minded, and intelligent service Mr. Balfour has deserved well not only of his party but of the nation. If he has not been a great leader, it is because his leadership has suffered from the defects of his qualities.

MOROCCO

Another step has now been taken in solving the Moroccan problem. France and Germany have come to another agreement regarding it, and will submit the agreement to the Powers. Why another agreement? Why should France and Germany settle the problem rather than any other two or more Powers? In any such action, however, France must necessarily be the most interested nation. This is because the adjoining Algeria is her richest colony. As the possession of Algeria entailed the occupation of Tunis to the east, so it entails the control of Morocco to the west. Since the French conquered Algeria (1830) that country has steadily advanced in civilization. But Tunis and Morocco remained, as they had for centuries, sunk in sloth and misrule. This, bad enough in itself, endangered every step of progress undertaken in Algeria. Accordingly, with the consent of the Powers, France in 1881 proclaimed a protectorate over Tunis. And in 1906, again with the consent of the Powers, France was given a mandate to preserve order in Morocco. But one among the Powers—Germany—is hungrier than the rest for colonial dominion. And this is entirely natural, for Germany now has a population too large for the Fatherland and has insufficient colonial outlets. Morocco is potentially one of the most desirable of the world's still uncivilized regions from an industrial and commercial standpoint, and of commanding importance from the standpoint of defense. Could such an opportunity be allowed to slip, France or no France? In any event, last spring a German war-vessel suddenly appeared at a Moroccan port with the notice that it would remain there—a sign of the whole German military and naval strength which might be brought to bear upon the issue. And for what reason? Because of the allegation that France was exceeding her authority. Insurrection had broken out in Morocco. The Sultan, alarmed, had asked for French soldiers in Fez, his capital. They went thither, but they went thirty thousand strong. Moreover, they remained. This looked suspiciously like a permanent occupation. Hence the German protest. The German war-ship was to be withdrawn when the French withdrew from Fez. This menace was cleverly contrived. A French Ministry had just fallen. The new Ministry was as

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yet unformed. England, France's ally, was in the throes of the constitutional struggle between the two houses of Parliament. But the new French Ministry showed it knew how to grapple with the situation, and the English, whatever their internal disputes, were as one man in defending the interests of France. The English Liberal Premier and the Conservative leader alike united in defining British policy. What was Germany to do? Go to war with France? But that probably meant war with England also, and with France's other ally, Russia. Meanwhile a financial panic, born of the fear of war, spread disaster in Berlin and settled the question.

THE FRANCO-GERMAN AGREEMENT

By the agreement, published last week, the French may remain anywhere in Morocco. As a matter of fact, they must remain. In the interests of civilization a proper historical development demands it. Of course the Germans, with their sense of perspective, recognize this. In his speech last week in Parliament the German Chancellor vigorously denied, as have the most trusted and respected German statesmen, that the sending of a war-ship to Agadir was for the purpose of acquiring territory. But the speech was interrupted with derisive laughter from the members, and certain Berlin papers openly challenge the statement. But let us accept the assurances of the German Government as the fact. What then? There remain two purposes which have, we believe, continuously inspired the Government. One is to obtain greater commercial opportunity in Morocco; the other, to increase German territory elsewhere. Germany obtains both, though the brusque manner of their attainment strongly resembles a "hold-up." France undertakes to see that the Moroccan Government permits foreign owners of mining and farming lands and of manufacturing establishments, without respect of nationality, to build railways connecting their concerns with State roads or seaports, and also undertakes to see that the Directors of the Moroccan National Bank, an international institution, change yearly. Thus Germany certainly obtains increased guarantees of her economic interests. But as France at the same time proceeds to a practical protectorate over Morocco, the unsatisfied and cynical Berlin "Tägliche Rundschau" asks the German Government why France should receive "such an extraordinary accession in power, while Germany gets an illusion of economic guarantees which only exist on paper"—an unjust assumption, we believe. Elsewhere in Africa Germany obtains 150,000 square miles of territorial "compensation." Compensation for what? For acknowledging the right of France to occupy Morocco, not only as a policing Power, but as England occupies Egypt. We are sorry that France has to pay anything to purchase the withdrawal of what has seemed to many a trespass on its well-defined sphere of influence. She has, however, not made "a bargain with a blackmailer," for the Germans have, we think, acted sincerely. But, in any case, the French got the better half. There is little comparison between a protectorate over a noble country in a temperate zone and the equatorial territory to be added to the German colony of Kamerun, even if the territory does give to her the advantages of greater sea frontage, and does touch at two points the Congo and Ubanghi Rivers. The world's progress will gain because France will now dominate most of the northern coast of Africa—indeed, with Italy in Tripoli, by far the larger part of that coast now reverts to Latin civilization. But the world's progress will also gain because of the larger field in a more difficult region offered to German colonizers, sturdier than the French and more ambitious than are any colonizers to "make good." No matter how significant these recent changes in the map of Africa, however, one must reflect with an even greater satisfaction on the poise and balance which have characterized two great peoples during these months of negotiation. And this satisfaction is especially felt in the case of the French, who, more than any other people, have often had to suffer from the unmerited application of the adjective "mercurial."

THE CHINESE REBELLION

Last week's progress of the Chinese rebellion was ominous for the Manchu Dynasty. As in no previous week, alarm and even panic prevailed at Peking, the Imperial capital. Many Manchus fled from the city. Some of the princes took refuge in the Legation Quarter Hotel, and other Manchus sought refuge in the various Legations, into which sealed boxes of treasure are continually coming; even ancient works of art—family heirlooms

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—are now seen on the walls of rooms in the Legations, where they have been sent for safe-keeping. At the Legations there was confidence that foreigners would be protected, but at the same time they were advised to go into the Legation quarters or seek other places of safety. While a concerted attack upon foreigners is not feared, many Manchus are opposed to them. To the important commercial ports of Amoy and Nanking, where disorders may be imminent, the American gunboats Albany and New Orleans have been ordered. The revolutionists now control nine provincial capitals and many other important cities. A picturesque announcement is that Wu Ting-fang, late Chinese Minister to the United States, is to become Foreign Minister under the revolutionary government. A more important announcement is that, in order to relieve the monetary situation, the revolutionists are issuing bonds to the extent of twenty million taels, or $11,200,000. The Imperial Government itself is in great want, and has vainly endeavored to obtain loans from the foreign Powers. If the masses of the people do not see money forthcoming, and if the payment of the Imperial soldiers is stopped, anarchy is likely to result. As was hinted in The Outlook last week, there is need for a strengthening of the relief work in China, and the American Red Cross, therefore, invites contributions of money, which will be cabled by the Department of State to its diplomatic and consular representatives; by this method a most beneficial use of the funds and a proper accounting are assured. Contributions should be sent to the American National Red Cross, War Department, Washington, D. C. We earnestly bespeak a hearty response from the American people, and we do not doubt that it will be forthcoming. Not only is the suffering from the present rebellion terrible beyond description, but also that from pestilence and famine. Many thousands of dollars for relief are urgently needed.

THE ALLEGED ITALIAN ATROCITIES

Last week the world was startled by the news reported by trustworthy newspaper correspondents of atrocities committed by Italians on the Arab inhabitants of Italy. War is war. But butchery is butchery, and no one has expected Italy, a civilized nation, to descend to the level reached by Turkey a generation ago, when the eloquence of a Gladstone fired the world to appreciate what the Turkish atrocities in Bulgaria really meant. Pending an official determination of the facts, Italy is, of course, to be given the benefit of the doubt, but the reports are horrible enough. Telegraphing to the New York "World," Mr. Francis McCullagh says:

> On October 23, 24, and 25 there were attacks by Turks and Arabs from outside, combined with firing on the troops by natives inside the city. The attack of October 26 was backed by firing by the natives and was a dangerous one. This firing by the natives in the city was a serious business, of course, and it justified General Caneva under military law in at once shooting every native in the city who was found with arms in his hands. Had General Caneva proceeded under military law, he would have found that at the most a hundred persons were guilty. But Caneva, instead of that, executed four thousand, very many of whom were women and children. Whole suburbs were surrounded, and the soldiers hunted out and shot at sight every Arab they could find.

The correspondent of the London "Times" telegraphs:

> These same Arabs . . . exterminated two companies of the Eleventh Bersaglieri, shooting them at close range in the back while the men were facing a persistent enemy on their front. . . . The Italian army, from its general down to the musicians, realized that there was a possibility of 10,000 rifles rising in fanatical rage upon their rear, and we can perhaps better appreciate the mental strain and fearful anxiety of the Sicilians and hot-blooded Southerners. . . . They were dangerous material to let loose in a suburb when the orders were that suspicion of carrying arms was justification for a summary death sentence.

The Italian Government categorically denies the reports of the atrocities. Signor Giolitti, the Prime Minister, adds, "He who asserts that the Italian soldier would offend woman or child shows ignorance of our country and our race." When the whole truth is known, it may be found that General Caneva's soldiers were goaded to frenzy by Arab treachery.

PORTO RICO'S GRIEVANCE

There are in Porto Rico, and have been almost ever since the American occupancy, two parties—one of which desires incorporation in the United States as a State; the other of which desires quasi-independence under an American protectorate in a relation somewhat analogous to that of Canada to Great Britain. The second has been much the larger party, and generally successful at the polls. The Statehood party, we judge from an article in a Porto Rican weekly sent to us,

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has abandoned, or is abandoning, its hope of Statehood, and is coming out in favor of independence. We quote from this article:

> They claim that Porto Rico's political future can only be decided in one of three ways; Statehood, a colonial form of government, or independence. They stand for the last of these three solutions, as the only one consistent with the American Constitution and their own dignity as men, if, as appears at present, there is no hope of securing Statehood for the island.

We think Porto Ricans are quite right in thinking there is no hope of securing Statehood for the island. We believe that Statehood would not be of any advantage to the United States and would be of doubtful advantage to Porto Rico. Certainly at present the disadvantages would greatly counterbalance the advantages, since Statehood, or even initial steps toward Statehood, would deprive Porto Rico of its principal source of revenue—that derived from Federal taxation. But the Porto Ricans have a real grievance against this country in the refusal of Congress to take any action upon their request for citizenship. Our readers will remember Edward Everett Hale's famous story, "The Man Without a Country;" the Porto Ricans are all men without a country. Congress ought, at its next session, to take this matter up, and either by a general law confer citizenship on all Porto Ricans or provide that any Porto Rican of good moral character may become a citizen of the United States on swearing to support the Constitution of the United States. At present the Porto Rican is not a Porto Rican because Porto Rico is not a country; he is not an American citizen because Porto Rico is not a part of the United States; and he cannot be naturalized because there is no foreign prince or power allegiance to which he can forswear. This anomalous condition is unjust and should be corrected. For reasons which The Outlook has heretofore stated it would be far better to correct it by providing not a compulsory but an optional citizenship. If this were done, the present dissatisfaction would not be entirely removed, but it would be largely allayed; at least the country could have the consciousness that it had removed the chief cause for such dissatisfaction.

INSTALLATION OF CHANCELLOR BROWN

The installation of Dr. Elmer Ellsworth Brown as Chancellor of New York University, on Thursday of last week, was attended by the usual picturesque academic ceremonies; for in these later times the general custom of wearing the gown and hood has contributed greatly to the pictorial effectiveness of these functions, while the element of humor has invaded the addresses. The University has a very impressive site above the Harlem River, and the grouping of the buildings and the open gallery which constitutes the Hall of Fame form a very effective architectural feature. The march of the procession, which included more than a thousand persons, through the Hall of Fame and around the two sides of the campus to the entrance of the Library building was enlivened by gay color and the festive spirit which college graduates always bring to any reunion. Many universities and colleges were represented. In the formal exercises many persons of distinction had their share. The Mayor of New York spoke, and a message was read from the President of the United States. The Rev. Dr. George Alexander, President of the Council, who presided at the ceremonies, introduced the new Chancellor, who, as former United States Commissioner of Education, with a considerable academic teaching experience behind him, brings to his position ample abilities, thorough knowledge of the technical problems of education, and, what is more important, energy and freshness of mind. In his opening address he declared that it was a fundamental principle of the university to be as widely serviceable as possible in the higher education of the community, to be a maker of new and higher wants in the community. It is incumbent, he said, upon the three institutions of New York City—Columbia, the City College, and New York University—to take counsel together in regard to the general interests of the higher education in New York, and to devise means by which the educational needs of the metropolis may be more thoroughly met; and he pledged himself to perform the part committed to him in so directing the University that it may do the work laid upon her. There were also addresses by Dr. MacCracken, the Chancellor Emeritus; by Dr. Ashley, the senior dean; by a representative of the senior class; and by a member of the class of 1840. Ample opportunity for general speech-making was afforded by a luncheon after the exercises and by a dinner in the evening. Among the speakers on these occasions were Senator Root, and the Presidents or representatives of Yale, Harvard, Columbia, Princeton, Williams, and other colleges. Mr. Bryce was

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the informal representative of foreign universities, and said, among other things, that in England the university is called on, first of all, to hold up as the highest ideal the pursuit of knowledge for its own sake. Mr. Carnegie, as the Lord Rector of Aberdeen University, brought the congratulations of that ancient institution to the new Chancellor, and Dr. Butler, after commenting humorously on the various experiences to which a university head is exposed, declared that there is no room in American education for competitive institutions; that co-operation is imposed upon these institutions by the very magnitude of the task set for them to accomplish.

FORTY-FIVE CENTURIES OF EGYPTIAN ART

The past week has been an important one in the development of the use of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City to students of archæology; it has seen the opening of the Museum's Egyptian galleries, ten in number. The collections in them are arranged chronologically by Albert M. Lythgoe, the curator. To his expert knowledge of the subject Mr. Lythgoe has added the further qualification of seven years' experience in active field work in Egypt. For, through concessions obtained from the Egyptian authorities, the Metropolitan Museum has been making its own excavations. The results of these excavations, added to the Museum's hitherto rather scant Egyptian exhibit, bring the Museum in this department up to the standard of the best in other collections, either here or abroad. The contents of the galleries cover a period of at least forty-five centuries; that is to say, they illustrate the history of Egyptian art from its earliest beginnings in the stone age down to the Mohammedan conquest in the seventh century. They have been gathered with great judgment and are shown with great skill. Not only do we see the objects themselves, but we may turn from them to a series of photographs on glass showing the work of actual excavation. So sympathetic is the atmosphere created by these photographs that one turns again to the objects with a far more vivid sense of their significance, not only as illustrating the history of Egypt and the history of art, but also as giving a glimpse into an unguessed past. We say "unguessed," because the Egyptians in the popular mind have been supposed to be a gloomy people; these remains exhibit them as almost a gay people. We have been told so much about the deeply rooted Egyptian conviction of a personal immortality, the enormous emphasis placed upon death and upon everything pertaining to death as revealed by the extent of the Egyptian tombs, that most of us have probably thought of the Egyptians as being rather funereally minded. Great is the surprise, therefore, in looking at the collections in the new Egyptian galleries, to discover objects revealing an almost Parisian cheerfulness and gayety. These objects are not alone those implements of every-day use, the pottery and jewelry, but often also the very tombs themselves. In their decoration, while the fact of death is recognized, the tragedy of death is noticeable by its absence. Instead of surrounding the dead by evidences of gloom, the Egyptians seemed to be anxious to use every possible color, so that the coffins themselves, as well as the tombs, are now seen in a very riot of color. All Egyptian life must thus seem different from one's preconceived conception of it after a visit to the Museum. The objects shown reveal a very human, intense, and full life, from the flint instruments of the stone age to the figurines which mark the birth of the art of sculpture thousands of years ago, to the dazzling array of jewelry, not emphasizing weight and size and barbaric color, but such daintiness and delicate forms as might be characteristic of our own time; and to the wall paintings and relief carvings in which we see men hunting, fishing, netting birds, rowing, plowing, sowing, reaping; women and girls preparing food or in procession bringing baskets of fruit and vegetables as offerings to the temples; finally, the Egyptian priests pronouncing their magic charms over these scenes.

HOWARD PYLE

Howard Pyle, who died in Florence last week, was born in Delaware; studied at the Art Students' League in New York City, and worked in anatomy, perspective, and drawing in a Philadelphia school; lost heart by reason of what he regarded his failure to secure excellence; went into business; found himself out of his element; and made a final choice which took him permanently into the field of art. He served the usual hard apprenticeship before he secured recognition, but his first illustration, "Wreck in the Offing," not

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only secured regular work for him, but made him friends among the rising artists of the day, including Abbey, Reinhart, Chase, Frost, and Dielman. His sincerity, freshness of imagination, and picturesqueness of style soon won him recognition both from young and old; and for many years past no name has been more familiar with children and with older readers who care for illustrated books than that of Howard Pyle. He not only practiced the art of illustration with enthusiasm, freedom, and increasing skill, but he made it original work, in design, line, and color. He seemed to have an instinctive knowledge of what an artist could do through the reproductive processes. He never established a school, but a group of pupils and fellow-students gathered around him, and found in his personality and work encouragement and inspiration. His imagination and his fine sense of form showed themselves not only in his pictures but in his many writings. It may be that he will be remembered chiefly for his text and illustrative work for children. In this field he achieved real distinction, and no man of his time did more to put into the hands of young readers, both in type and line, work that educates at the same time the eye and the imagination. Mr. Pyle was a member of the National Institute of Arts and Letters and also of the American Academy of Arts and Letters.

THE ELECTIONS

In the parlance of the politicians, this is an "off year." No men were chosen for Federal office, and in many States there were no elections of State officials or legislators. Nevertheless, people interested in the political tendencies of the time looked to see in these local elections some sign by which to forecast the happenings of next year's Presidential campaign and election. In particular, they hoped to see in the casting of the votes this fall the reflection of popular feeling regarding two points: first, the merits of various aspirants for the Presidential nomination, particularly President Taft and Senator La Follette in the Republican party, and Governor Wilson and Governor Harmon in the Democratic party; and, second, the chances of Republican or Democratic success in 1912.

With regard to neither of these points do the elections give any clear answer. The returns from the polls correspond pretty closely to the chaotic conditions of political sentiment throughout the Nation. It is obvious that the habit of disregarding the appeals of party leaders to loyalty to party names—rather than principles—is growing among American voters in all parts of the country; that dissatisfaction with both parties is quite as important a factor in the elections as adherence to either the one or the other; that in an off year the voters are more ready than ever to resent the injection of National issues into local or State elections, or to ignore them, and to register their decision on the merits of the question at hand; and that the position of boss, as distinct from leader, is more than ever precarious.

When the returns are searched for more specific answers, they become more difficult to read. The fortunes of no candidate for the Presidential nomination seem to have been greatly promoted. The result in Ohio perhaps comes the nearest to being an indorsement of one man; but even there it is less an encouragement to Governor Harmon than an expression of discontent with the Administration, or rather with the Republican party as it is now led. In Massachusetts, again, there appears a rather negative result. The re-election of Governor Foss cannot be interpreted so much as an approval of his aspirations for National honors as disapproval of the stand-pat attitude which the voters believed to be assumed by the Republican leaders and the Republican machine in that State. Most of all is this negative verdict seen in the astonishing results in New Mexico. It was supposed that the natural conservatism of the New Mexicans would lead them to indorse the Administration, particularly as New Mexico has been Republican and has been admitted to Statehood under Republican auspices. Through a coalition, however, of Democrats and of Progressive Republicans, the Regular Republican candidate for Governor was defeated, and the Republican plan of rendering the New Mexico Constitution difficult of amendment was rejected. Here, again, the result was not so much an indorsement of any man or any movement, as it was an expression of disappointment with the course and the leadership of the Republican party.

Disapproval, however, is by no means all directed toward the Republican party or the Federal Administration. The overturn in New York, by which the lower branch of the

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State Legislature, which since last fall had been safely Democratic, was made overwhelmingly Republican, and by which in New York City the Tammany boss, Charles F. Murphy, came near losing his own county ticket, and did lose control beyond that, and the Democratic organization was defeated in other boroughs and counties, was the expression of the outraged feelings of the people of the State against the thoroughly bad record of the Legislature and against the effort to put Tammany Hall in control of the State. The outcome in New York was the result of no enthusiasm for the Republican party, but of a hearty disgust with the Democratic machine. In New Jersey there was another negative result. For a year there has been a Democratic Governor and a Democratic lower house. The Governor and the Legislature have made a good record, even though the Legislature was divided politically. Last week the people took the lower house from the control of the Democrats and handed it back to the Republicans. This fact will undoubtedly be accepted as a reverse for Governor Wilson. As a matter of fact, however, it was really a reverse for the Democratic opponents of Governor Wilson in one county of the State—the old Democratic machine in Essex County. The people in that part of the State preferred to return to their old Republican allegiance rather than to trust to a reactionary Democratic machine, and by their vote they changed the balance of power in the Legislature.

The overturn in Kentucky is not readily explained by reference to any convictions as to party principles. It seems to be the return of a State normally Democratic to its party moorings after a tribute of four years paid to the popular Republican Governor, Augustus Willson. The corresponding overturn in Maryland from Democracy to Republicanism is, on the other hand, the awakening of a State to a moral issue. The election there of a Republican Governor was a rebuke to the methods of the Democratic machine; and the defeat of the franchise amendment was a repudiation of an attempt simultaneously to disfranchise the Negroes and to intrench unscrupulous party leadership.

Municipal elections all over the country showed a spirit of independence that is slowly but steadily removing municipal questions from the field of National and State politics. In Schenectady the Socialist ticket, headed by the Rev. Mr. Lunn, was elected, and two noisome machines sent to the rear. In Cleveland Newton Baker, formerly colleague of Mayor Johnson, was chosen Mayor. In Cincinnati the Cox machine was overthrown. In San Francisco the corrupt labor union forces were driven from power. Salt Lake City in Utah, and Lowell and Lawrence in Massachusetts, adopted commission government. Chelsea, Massachusetts, on the other hand, gained prominence by becoming the first city to discard commission government after a trial.

More important, however, than any of these results—even those in Cincinnati and San Francisco—was the outcome in Philadelphia. In that city, which for years has been dominated by a corrupt Republican ring, and which has earned the epithet "corrupt and contented," the voters elected to office an out-and-out reformer, Rudolph Blankenburg. In doing so they showed that they were not misled by the pretense of the old ring that in presenting George H. Earle, Jr., as their candidate they had become converted. Nothing in this fall's elections is more enheartening than the success of Philadelphia in redeeming itself; and on no successful candidate does there rest a greater weight of responsibility to show that a reform government can be efficient and lasting than on Mr. Blankenburg.

Coincident with these expressions of dissatisfaction with Republican and Democratic machines alike came a great increase in the Socialist vote. It is evident that Americans are losing their old-time fear of the name Socialism, and are becoming more and more ready to let the Socialists show what they can do. The experience of Milwaukee with a Socialist city government has not brought any disasters, and the voters are now readier than before to believe that other places may profit by a similar experience. This does not necessarily mean that Americans are turning Socialists in any great number, but it does mean that they are finding in the Socialist party a new alternative to the old political organizations. In part it may be that the voters are assuming the old American habit of swinging to extremes and of acting as if there were no choice between demagogy and tyranny; but it may also be that they feel that when both the old parties are under the control of special interests, relief is to be found in a party which, whatever its faults, is not a tool of privilege.

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JOHN MEIGS

He was a great craftsman—was John Meigs. The material he worked upon was not wood or iron, stone or clay, pigment or even impalpable sound, but the bodies, minds, and souls of boys.

John Meigs was born in 1852. His father, Dr. Matthew Meigs, formerly President of Delaware College, had the year before founded at Pottstown, Pennsylvania, a boarding-school for boys which, because of its position on a hill above the town, was called The Hill School. At the age of nineteen John Meigs, who had been prepared at this school, was graduated from Lafayette College, and was immediately engaged by the college authorities as an instructor. For four years he remained there, becoming assistant professor. In 1876 he left Lafayette College to succeed his father as head of the school. It was still a little boarding-school with only ten pupils. Slowly and healthily, the school grew in size and in reputation. In 1882 John Meigs married Miss Marion Butler, in Berlin, Germany. His father and mother were then still living, and so John Meigs and his wife, in distinction from Dr. and Mrs. Matthew Meigs, were called "Professor" and "Mrs. John," and "Mrs. John" and "Professor" have been their real names ever since. In the thirty-five years of John Meigs's administration "The Hill," as it is known to all its boys, has become one of the great secondary schools of the country. It might be said to bear the same relation to the English public schools of Rugby and Eton and Westminster that the American college bears to the English universities. It has the traditions of scholarship, good breeding, and moral ideals characteristic of the English-speaking race, and with them it has the spirit of American democracy. It has become what it is, however, because it is the projection of a great man. It is what John Meigs has made it.

Schoolmaster is what such a one is called in the English tongue. It is a good word, and fitted him. He was master of his school. He was, by his instincts, his splendid gifts, and his habit, a ruler as truly as was any of the greatest kings or governors. But he was more than that. He was an architect and builder of character. He took the raw, crude boy, and, if there was in him the making of a man, he made a man of him. He was a sculptor, working on living clay. He was a surgeon, patiently setting right the pliant moral frame. He was a physician, giving food to the under-nourished will. From him flowed not only law and order for the school community, but, somehow, lasting power for each member.

That the source of his power was profound religious faith was no secret to the boys; for he showed them the way to this spring of conduct and life.

The tools that he worked with are now laid aside. What men call death has overtaken him. In giving of his strength to his boys he shortened the course of his life. The end of it came suddenly, through heart failure, on Monday of last week.

Even those who owe most to him cannot explain his power; they can remember, however, certain things that might help to describe it. They can remember that he never appeared suddenly upon them, but that always his heavy footfall, every ounce of his great frame telling at each step, resounded through the corridors as he approached; and in the memory of that sound they find their most vivid impression of what is meant by the hatred of sham, subterfuge, and unfairness. They can remember the silence that fell upon the gathering of boys when they saw in his face the suppressed anger at some meanness or pretense, and awaited the words that would fall like cudgels on the offender; and in the memory of such an occasion they find their most vivid impression of what is meant by the searching of conscience. They remember that even while still wincing from some just rebuke they were willing to go to him, if need be, with their confidences; and in that memory they have their best example of what it means to be chastened as a son. They can remember those evenings when, it might be by the reading of some passage of the Bible, it might be by some words of his own, they caught a glimpse of a strong man's affection for them; and in that memory they find still a standard of virile gentleness. They can remember the rigidity with which he held them to their work in the class-room, and in that memory they have based their test of accuracy and workmanship. They remember the times when they were alone with him of which, even after the passage of years, they cannot trust themselves to speak. They remember now, though they did not realize it then, that it was his spirit that infused their games, their school life, their whole environment.

Those teachers, who wonder sometimes

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whether their work is not limited and confining, cannot have known John Meigs. Surely no words of honor surpass those that may be inscribed under his name—Schoolmaster and Maker of Men.

THE CHINESE CONSTITUTION

At last the Chinaman is to have his wish—a Constitution. It is true that the promise of an immediate Constitution was wrung from a ruler who next week may be in hiding. Suppose he is superseded by another Emperor. Suppose there should be no longer an Emperor, but a Republic with its President; would there still be a Constitution?

These queries call attention to the step now taken in China. It is, we hope, a definitely and permanently forward step. It is also, the best informed observers believe, a step of great historic importance.

In submitting certain fundamental principles of constitutional government, now accepted by the Regent on behalf of the Throne, the National Assembly justly claims that their promulgation will cure the troubles in China. For no longer will a capricious despot, under the pernicious influence of degraded eunuchs and "petticoat government," rule over four hundred million people. Instead, whether under a Manchu or a pure Chinese dynasty or under a Republic, there will be a constitutional government by the people, with control by them over the monarch apparently as great, if the present Constitution remain, as that enjoyed by any other people over the sovereign. There will be a Premier and Cabinet subservient to Parliament. And, what is of greatest importance, there will be Parliamentary control of the budget, including allowances to the Imperial household.

While many further duties and responsibilities of the Chinese and their Parliament remain to be defined, the radical reforms now authorized constitute, we believe, the most rapid step ever taken in the development of constitutional government. Certainly they give China a new title to the world's respect. No matter what reaction may come in the Flowery Kingdom, the hopeful thing about the whole situation there is that, humanly speaking, conditions can never again be as bad as they have been.

THE TRUSTS, THE PEOPLE, AND THE SQUARE DEAL

EDITORIAL BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THE suit against the Steel Trust by the Government has brought vividly before our people the need of reducing to order our chaotic Government policy as regards business. As President, in Messages to Congress I repeatedly called the attention of that body and of the public to the inadequacy of the Anti-Trust Law by itself to meet business conditions and secure justice to the people, and to the further fact that it might, if left unsupplemented by additional legislation, work mischief, with no compensating advantage; and I urged as strongly as I knew how that the policy followed with relation to railways in connection with the Inter-State Commerce Law should be followed by the National Government as regards all great business concerns; and therefore that, as a first step, the powers of the Bureau of Corporations should be greatly enlarged, or else that there should be created a Governmental board or commission, with powers somewhat similar to those of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, but covering the whole field of inter-State business, exclusive of transportation (which should, by law, be kept wholly separate from ordinary industrial business, all common ownership of the industry and the railway being forbidden). In the end I have always believed that it would also be necessary to give the National Government complete power over the organization and capitalization of all business concerns engaged in inter-State commerce.

A member of my Cabinet with whom, even more than with the various Attorneys-General, I went over every detail of this trust situation, was the one time Secretary of the Interior, Mr. James R. Garfield. He writes me as follows concerning the suit against the Steel Corporation:

> Nothing appeared before the House Committee that made me believe we were deceived by Judge Gary.
>
> This, I think, is a case that shows clearly the difference between destructive litigation and constructive legislation. I have not yet seen a full copy of the Government's petition, but our

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papers give nothing that indicates any kind of unfair or dishonest competition such as existed in both the Standard Oil and Tobacco Cases. As I understand it, the competitors of the Steel Company have steadily increased in strength during the last six or seven years. Furthermore, the per cent of the business done by the Steel Corporation has decreased during that time. As you will remember, at our first conference with Judge Gary, the Judge stated that it was the desire and purpose of the Company to conform to what the Government wished, it being the purpose of the Company absolutely to obey the law both in spirit and letter. Throughout the time that I had charge of the investigation, and while we were in Washington, I do not know of a single instance where the Steel Company refused any information requested; but, on the contrary, aided in every possible way our investigation.

The position now taken by the Government is absolutely destructive of legitimate business, because they outline no rule of conduct for business of any magnitude. It is absurd to say that the courts can lay down such rules. The most the courts can do is to find as legal or illegal the particular transactions brought before them. Hence, after years of tedious litigation there would be no clear-cut rule for future action. This method of procedure is dealing with the device, not the result, and drives business to the elaboration of clever devices, each of which must be tested in the courts.

I have yet to find a better method of dealing with the anti-trust situation than that suggested by the bill which we agreed upon in the last days of your Administration. That bill should be used as a basis for legislation, and there could be incorporated upon it whatever may be determined wise regarding the direct control and supervision of the National Government, either through a commission similar to the Inter-State Commerce Commission or otherwise.

Before taking up the matter in its large aspect, I wish to say one word as to one feature of the Government suit against the Steel Corporation. One of the grounds for the suit is the acquisition by the Steel Corporation of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company; and it has been alleged, on the authority of the Government officials engaged in carrying on the suit, that as regards this transaction I was misled by the representatives of the Steel Corporation, and that the facts were not accurately or truthfully laid before me. This statement is not correct. I believed at the time that the facts in the case were as represented to me on behalf of the Steel Corporation, and my further knowledge has convinced me that this was true. I believed at the time that the representatives of the Steel Corporation told me the truth as to the change that would be worked in the percentage of the business which the proposed acquisition would give the Steel Corporation, and further inquiry has convinced me that they did so. I was not misled. The representatives of the Steel Corporation told me the truth as to what the effect of the action at that time would be, and any statement that I was misled or that the representatives of the Steel Corporation did not thus tell me the truth as to the facts of the case is itself not in accordance with the truth. In The Outlook of August 19 last I gave in full the statement I had made to the Investigating Committee of the House of Representatives on this matter. That statement is accurate, and I reaffirm everything I therein said, not only as to what occurred, but also as to my belief in the wisdom and propriety of my action—indeed, the action not merely was wise and proper, but it would have been a calamity from every standpoint had I failed to take it. On page 137 of the printed report of the testimony before the Committee will be found Judge Gary's account of the meeting between himself and Mr. Frick and Mr. Root and myself. This account states the facts accurately. It has been alleged that the purchase by the Steel Corporation of the property of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company gave the Steel Corporation practically a monopoly of the Southern iron ores—that is, of the iron ores south of the Potomac and the Ohio. My information, which I have every reason to believe is accurate and not successfully to be challenged, is that, of these Southern iron ores the Steel Corporation has, including the property gained from the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company, less than 20 per cent—perhaps not over 16 per cent. This is a very much smaller percentage than the percentage it holds of the Lake Superior ores, which even after the surrender of the Hill lease will be slightly over 50 per cent. According to my view, therefore, and unless—which I do not believe possible—these figures can be successfully challenged, the acquisition of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company's ores in no way changed the situation as regards making the Steel Corporation a monopoly.[1] The showing as to the percentage of production of all kinds of steel ingots and steel castings in the United States by the Steel Corporation and by all

[1] My own belief is that our Nation should long ago have adopted the policy of merely leasing for a term of years mineral-bearing land; but it is the fault of us ourselves, of the people, not of the Steel Corporation, that this policy has not been adopted.

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other manufacturers respectively makes an even stronger case. It makes the case even stronger than I put it in my testimony before the Investigating Committee, for I was scrupulously careful to make statements that erred, if at all, against my own position. It appears from the figures of production that in 1901 the Steel Corporation had to its credit nearly 66 per cent of the total production as against a little over 34 per cent by all other steel manufacturers. The percentage then shrank steadily, until in 1906, the year before the acquisition of the Tennessee Coal and Iron properties, the percentage was a little under 58 per cent. In spite of the acquisition of these properties, the following year, 1907, the total percentage shrank slightly, and this shrinking has continued until in 1910 the total percentage of the Steel Corporation is but a little over 54 per cent, and the percentage by all other steel manufacturers but a fraction less than 46 per cent. Of the 54 3-10 per cent produced by the Steel Corporation 1 9-10 per cent is produced by the former Tennessee Coal and Iron Company. In other words, these figures show that the acquisition of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company did not in the slightest degree change the situation, and that during the ten years which include the acquisition of these properties by the Steel Corporation the percentage of total output of steel manufacturers in this country by the Steel Corporation has shrunk from nearly 66 per cent to but a trifle over 54 per cent. I do not believe that these figures can be successfully controverted, and if not successfully controverted they show clearly not only that the acquisition of the Tennessee Coal and Iron properties wrought no change in the status of the Steel Corporation, but that the Steel Corporation during the decade has steadily lost, instead of gained, in monopolistic character.

So much for the facts in this particular case. Now for the general subject. When my Administration took office, I found, not only that there had been little real enforcement of the Anti-Trust Law and but little more effective enforcement of the Inter-State Commerce Law, but also that the decisions were so chaotic and the laws themselves so vaguely drawn, or at least interpreted in such widely varying fashions, that the biggest business men tended to treat both laws as dead letters. The series of actions by which we succeeded in making the Inter-State Commerce Law an efficient and most useful instrument in regulating the transportation of the country and exacting justice from the big railways without doing them injustice—while, indeed, on the contrary, securing them against injustice—need not here be related. The Anti-Trust Law it was also necessary to enforce as it had never hitherto been enforced; both because it was on the statute-books and because it was imperative to teach the masters of the biggest corporations in the land that they were not, and would not be permitted to regard themselves as, above the law. Moreover, where the combination has really been guilty of misconduct the law serves a useful purpose, and in such cases as those of the Standard Oil and Tobacco Trusts, if effectively enforced, the law confers a real and great good.

Suits were brought against the most powerful corporations in the land, which we were convinced had clearly and beyond question violated the Anti-Trust Law. These suits were brought with great care, and only where we felt so sure of our facts that we could be fairly certain that there was a likelihood of success. As a matter of fact, in most of the important suits we were successful. It was imperative that these suits should be brought, and very real good was achieved by bringing them, for it was only these suits that made the great masters of corporate capital in America fully realize that they were the servants and not the masters of the people, that they were subject to the law, and that they would not be permitted to be a law unto themselves; and the corporations against which we proceeded had sinned, not merely by being big (which we did not regard as in itself a sin), but by being guilty of unfair practices towards their competitors, and by procuring unfair advantages from the railways. But the resulting situation has made it evident that the Anti-Trust Law is not adequate to meet the situation that has grown up because of modern business conditions and the accompanying tremendous increase in the business use of vast quantities of corporate wealth. As I have said, this was already evident to my mind when I was President, and in communications to Congress I repeatedly stated the facts. But when I made these communications there were still plenty of people who did not believe that we would succeed in the suits that had been instituted against the Standard Oil, the Tobacco, and

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other corporations, and it was impossible to get the public as a whole to realize what the situation was. Sincere zealots who believed that all combinations could be destroyed and the old-time conditions of unregulated competition restored, insincere politicians who knew better but made believe that they thought whatever their constituents wished them to think, crafty reactionaries who wished to see on the statute-books laws which they believed unenforceable, and the almost solid "Wall Street crowd" or representatives of "big business" who at that time opposed with equal violence both wise and necessary and unwise and improper regulation of business—all fought against the adoption of a sane, effective, and far-reaching policy.

It is a vitally necessary thing to have the persons in control of big trusts of the character of the Standard Oil Trust and Tobacco Trust taught that they are under the law, just as it was a necessary thing to have the Sugar Trust taught the same lesson in drastic fashion by Mr. Henry L. Stimson when he was United States District Attorney in the city of New York. But to attempt to meet the whole problem not by administrative governmental action but by a succession of lawsuits is hopeless from the standpoint of working out a permanently satisfactory solution. Moreover, the results sought to be achieved are achieved only in extremely insufficient and fragmentary measure by breaking up all big corporations, whether they have behaved well or ill, into a number of little corporations which it is perfectly certain will be largely, and perhaps altogether, under the same control. Such action is harsh and mischievous if the corporation is guilty of nothing except its size; and where, as in the case of the Standard Oil, and especially the Tobacco, trusts, the corporation has been guilty of immoral and anti-social practices, there is need for far more drastic and thoroughgoing action than any that has been taken, under the recent decree of the Supreme Court. In the case of the Tobacco Trust, for instance, the settlement in the Circuit Court, in which the representatives of the Government seem inclined to concur, practically leaves all of the companies still substantially under the control of the twenty-nine original defendants. Such a result is lamentable from the standpoint of justice. The decision of the Circuit Court, if allowed to stand, means that the Tobacco Trust has merely been obliged to change its clothes, that none of the real offenders have received any real punishment, while, as the New York "Times," a pro-trust paper, says, the tobacco concerns, in their new clothes, are in positions of "ease and luxury," and "immune from prosecution under the law."

Surely, miscarriage of justice is not too strong a term to apply to such a result when considered in connection with what the Supreme Court said of this Trust. That great Court in its decision used language which, in spite of its habitual and severe self-restraint in stigmatizing wrong-doing, yet unhesitatingly condemns the Tobacco Trust for moral turpitude, saying that the case shows an "ever-present manifestation . . . of conscious wrong-doing" by the Trust, whose history is "replete with the doing of acts which it was the obvious purpose of the statute to forbid, . . . demonstrative of the existence from the beginning of a purpose to acquire dominion and control of the tobacco trade, not by the mere exertion of the ordinary right to contract and to trade, but by methods devised in order to monopolize the trade by driving competitors out of business, which were ruthlessly carried out upon the assumption that to work upon the fears or play upon the cupidity of competitors would make success possible." The letters from and to various officials of the Trust, which were put in evidence, show a literally astounding and horrifying indulgence by the Trust in wicked and depraved business methods—such as the "endeavor to cause a strike in their [a rival business firm's] factory," or the "shutting off the market" of an independent tobacco firm by "taking the necessary steps to give them a warm reception," or forcing importers into a price agreement by causing and continuing "a demoralization of the business for such length of time as may be deemed desirable" (I quote from the letters). A Trust guilty of such conduct should be absolutely disbanded, and the only way to prevent the repetition of such conduct is by strict Government supervision, and not merely by lawsuits.

The Anti-Trust Law cannot meet the whole situation, nor can any modification of the principle of the Anti-Trust Law avail to meet the whole situation. The fact is that many of the men who have called themselves Progressives, and who certainly believe that they are Progressives, represent in reality in this matter not progress at all but a kind of sincere rural toryism. These men believe that it is

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possible by strengthening the Anti-Trust Law to restore business to the competitive conditions of the middle of the last century. Any such effort is foredoomed to end in failure, and, if successful, would be mischievous to the last degree. Business cannot be successfully conducted in accordance with the practices and theories of sixty years ago unless we abolish steam, electricity, big cities, and, in short, not only all modern business and modern industrial conditions, but all the modern conditions of our civilization. The effort to restore competition as it was sixty years ago, and to trust for justice solely to this proposed restoration of competition, is just as foolish as if we should go back to the flintlocks of Washington's Continentals as a substitute for modern weapons of precision. The effort to prohibit all combinations, good or bad, is bound to fail, and ought to fail; when made, it merely means that some of the worst combinations are not checked and that honest business is checked. Our purpose should be, not to strangle business as an incident of strangling combinations, but to regulate big corporations in thoroughgoing and effective fashion, so as to help legitimate business as an incident to thoroughly and completely safeguarding the interests of the people as a whole. Against all such increase of Government regulation the argument is raised that it would amount to a form of Socialism. This argument is familiar; it is precisely the same as that which was raised against the creation of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, and of all the different utilities commissions in the different States, as I myself saw, thirty years ago, when I was a legislator at Albany, and these questions came up in connection with our State Government. Nor can action be effectively taken by any one State. Congress alone has power under the Constitution effectively and thoroughly and at all points to deal with inter-State commerce, and where Congress, as it should do, provides laws that will give the Nation full jurisdiction over the whole field, then that jurisdiction becomes, of necessity, exclusive—although until Congress does act affirmatively and thoroughly it is idle to expect that the States will or ought to rest content with non-action on the part of both Federal and State authorities. This statement, by the way, applies also to the question of "usurpation" by any one branch of our Government of the rights of another branch. It is contended that in these recent decisions the Supreme Court legislated; so it did; and it had to; because Congress had signally failed to do *its* duty by legislating. For the Supreme Court to nullify an act of the Legislature as unconstitutional except on the clearest grounds is usurpation; to interpret such an act in an obviously wrong sense is usurpation; but where the legislative body persistently leaves open a field which it is absolutely imperative, from the public standpoint, to fill, then no possible blame attaches to the official or officials who step in because they have to, and who then do the needed work in the interest of the people. The blame in such cases lies with the body which has been derelict, and not with the body which reluctantly makes good the dereliction.

A quarter of a century ago, Senator Cushman K. Davis, a statesman who amply deserved the title of statesman, a man of the highest courage, of the sternest adherence to the principles laid down by an exacting sense of duty, an unflinching believer in democracy, who was as little to be cowed by a mob as by a plutocrat, and moreover a man who possessed the priceless gift of imagination, a gift as important to a statesman as to a historian, in an address delivered at the annual commencement of the University of Michigan on July 1, 1886, spoke as follows of corporations:

> Feudalism, with its domains, its untaxed lords, their retainers, its exemptions and privileges, made war upon the aspiring spirit of humanity, and fell with all its grandeurs. Its spirit walks the earth and haunts the institutions of to-day, in the great corporations, with the control of the National highways, their occupation of great domains, their power to tax, their cynical contempt for the law, their sorcery to debase most gifted men to the capacity of splendid slaves, their pollution of the ermine of the judge and the robe of the Senator, their aggregation in one man of wealth so enormous as to make Crœsus seem a pauper, their picked, paid, and skilled retainers who are summoned by the message of electricity and appear upon the wings of steam. If we look into the origin of feudalism and of the modern corporations—those Dromios of history—we find that the former originated in a strict paternalism, which is scouted by modern economists, and that the latter has grown from an unrestrained freedom of action, aggression, and development, which they commend as the very ideal of political wisdom. *Laissez-faire*, says the professor, when it often means bind and gag that the strongest may work his will. It is a plea for the survival of the fittest—for the strongest male to take possession of the herd by a process of extermination. If we examine this battle cry of political polemics, we find that it is based upon the conception of the divine right of property, and the

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preoccupation by older or more favored or more alert or richer men or nations, of territory, of the forces of nature, of machinery, of all the functions of what we call civilization. Some of these men, who are really great, follow these conceptions to their conclusions with dauntless intrepidity.

When Senator Davis spoke, few men of great power had the sympathy and the vision necessary to perceive the menace contained in the growth of corporations; and the men who did see the evil were struggling blindly to get rid of it, not by frankly meeting the new situation with new methods, but by insisting upon the entirely futile effort to abolish what modern conditions had rendered absolutely inevitable. Senator Davis was under no such illusion. He realized keenly that it was absolutely impossible to go back to an outworn social status, and that we must abandon definitely the *laissez-faire* theory of political economy, and fearlessly champion a system of increased Governmental control, paying no heed to the cries of the worthy people who denounce this as Socialistic. He saw that, in order to meet the inevitable increase in the power of corporations produced by modern industrial conditions, it would be necessary to increase in like fashion the activity of the sovereign power which alone could control such corporations. As has been aptly said, the only way to meet a billion-dollar corporation is by invoking the protection of a hundred-billion-dollar government; in other words, of the National Government, for no State Government is strong enough both to do justice to corporations and to exact justice from them. Said Senator Davis in this admirable address, which should be reprinted and distributed broadcast:

> The liberty of the individual has been annihilated by the logical process constructed to maintain it. We have come to a political deification of Mammon. *Laissez-faire* is not utterly blameworthy. It begat modern democracy, and made the modern republic possible. There can be no doubt of that. But there it began its limit of political benefaction, and began to incline toward the point where extremes meet. . . . To every assertion that the people in their collective capacity of a government ought to exert their indefeasible right of self-defense, it is said you touch the sacred rights of property.

The Senator then goes on to say that we now have to deal with an oligarchy of wealth, and that the Government must develop power sufficient enough to enable it to do the task.

Few will dispute the fact that the present situation is not satisfactory and cannot be put on a permanently satisfactory basis unless we put an end to the period of groping and declare for a fixed policy, a policy which shall clearly define and punish wrong-doing, which shall put a stop to the iniquities done in the name of business, but which shall do strict equity to business. We demand that big business give the people a square deal; in return we must insist that when any one engaged in big business honestly endeavors to do right he shall himself be given a square deal; and the first, and most elementary, kind of square deal is to give him in advance full information as to just what he can, and what he cannot, legally and properly do. It is absurd, and much worse than absurd, to treat the deliberate lawbreaker as on an exact par with the man eager to obey the law, whose only desire is to find out from some competent Governmental authority what the law is, and then to live up to it. Moreover, it is absurd to treat the size of a corporation as in itself a crime. As Judge Hook says in his opinion in the Standard Oil Case: "Magnitude of business does not alone constitute a monopoly . . . the genius and industry of man when kept to ethical standards still have full play, and what he achieves is his . . . success and magnitude of business, the rewards of fair and honorable endeavor [are not forbidden] . . . [the public welfare is threatened only when success is attained] by wrongful or unlawful methods." Size may, and in my opinion does, make a corporation fraught with potential menace to the community; and may, and in my opinion should, therefore make it incumbent upon the community to exercise through its administrative (not merely through its judicial) officers a strict supervision over that corporation in order to see that it does not go wrong; but the size in itself does not signify wrong-doing, and should not be held to signify wrong-doing.

Not only should any huge corporation which has gained its position by unfair methods, and by interference with the rights of others, by demoralizing and corrupt practices, in short, by sheer baseness and wrong-doing, be broken up, but it should be made the business of some administrative governmental body, by constant supervision, to see that it does not come together again, save under such strict control as shall insure the community against all repetition of the bad conduct—and it should never be permitted thus to assemble its parts as long as these parts are under the control of the original offend-

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ers, for actual experience has shown that these men are, from the standpoint of the people at large, unfit to be trusted with the power implied in the management of a large corporation. But nothing of importance is gained by breaking up a huge inter-State and international industrial organization *which has not offended otherwise than by its size*, into a number of small concerns without any attempt to regulate the way in which those concerns as a whole shall do business. Nothing is gained by depriving the American Nation of good weapons wherewith to fight in the great field of international industrial competition. Those who would seek to restore the days of unlimited and uncontrolled competition, and who believe that a panacea for our industrial and economic ills is to be found in the mere breaking up of all big corporations, simply because they are big, are attempting not only the impossible, but what, if possible, would be undesirable. They are acting as we should act if we tried to dam the Mississippi, to stop its flow outright. The effort would be certain to result in failure and disaster; we would have attempted the impossible, and so would have achieved nothing, or worse than nothing. But by building levees along the Mississippi, not seeking to dam the stream, but to control it, we are able to achieve our object and to confer inestimable good in the course of so doing.

This Nation should definitely adopt the policy of attacking, not the mere fact of combination, but the evils and wrong-doing which so frequently accompany combination. The fact that a combination is very big is ample reason for exercising a close and jealous supervision over it, because its size renders it potent for mischief; but it should not be punished unless it actually does the mischief; it should merely be so supervised and controlled as to guarantee us, the people, against its doing mischief. We should not strive for a policy of unregulated competition and of the destruction of all big corporations, that is, of all the most efficient business industries in the land. Nor should we persevere in the hopeless experiment of trying to regulate these industries by means only of lawsuits, each lasting several years, and of uncertain result. We should enter upon a course of supervision, control, and regulation of these great corporations—a regulation which we should not fear, if necessary, to bring to the point of control of monopoly prices, just as in exceptional cases railway rates are now regulated. Either the Bureau of Corporations should be authorized, or some other governmental body similar to the Inter-State Commerce Commission should be created, to exercise this supervision, this authoritative control. When once immoral business practices have been eliminated by such control, competition will thereby be again revived as a healthy factor, although not as formerly an all-sufficient factor, in keeping the general business situation sound. Wherever immoral business practices still obtain—as they obtained in the cases of the Standard Oil Trust and Tobacco Trust—the Anti-Trust Law can be invoked; and wherever such a prosecution is successful, and the courts declare a corporation to possess a monopolistic character, then that corporation should be completely dissolved, and the parts ought never to be again assembled save on whatever terms and under whatever conditions may be imposed by the governmental body in which is vested the regulatory power. Methods can readily be devised by which corporations sincerely desiring to act fairly and honestly can on their own initiative come under this thoroughgoing administrative control by the Government and thereby be free from the working of the Anti-Trust Law. But the law will remain to be invoked against wrong-doers; and under such conditions it could be invoked far more vigorously and successfully than at present.

It is not necessary in an article like this to attempt to work out such a plan in detail. It can assuredly be worked out. Moreover, in my opinion, substantially some such plan must be worked out or business chaos will continue. Wrong-doing such as was perpetrated by the Standard Oil Trust, and especially by the Tobacco Trust, should not only be punished, but if possible punished in the persons of the chief authors and beneficiaries of the wrong, far more severely than at present. But punishment should not be the only, or indeed the main, end in view. Our aim should be a policy of construction and not one of destruction. Our aim should not be to punish the men who have made a big corporation successful merely because they have made it big and successful, but to exercise such thoroughgoing supervision and control over them as to insure their business skill being exercised in the interest of the public and not against the public interest. Ultimately, I believe that this control should undoubtedly indirectly or directly extend to

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dealing with all questions connected with their treatment of their employees, including the wages, the hours of labor, and the like. Not only is the proper treatment of a corporation, from the standpoint of the managers, shareholders, and employees, compatible with securing from that corporation the best standard of public service, but when the effort is wisely made it results in benefit both to the corporation and to the public. The success of Wisconsin in dealing with the corporations within her borders, so as both to do them justice and to exact justice in return from them toward the public, has been signal; and this Nation should adopt a progressive policy in substance akin to the progressive policy not merely formulated in theory but reduced to actual practice with such striking success in Wisconsin.

To sum up, then. It is practically impossible, and, if possible, it would be mischievous and undesirable, to try to break up all combinations merely because they are large and successful, and to put the business of the country back into the middle of the eighteenth century conditions of intense and unregulated competition between small and weak business concerns. Such an effort represents not progressiveness but an unintelligent though doubtless entirely well-meaning toryism. Moreover, the effort to administer a law merely by lawsuits and court decisions is bound to end in signal failure, and meanwhile to be attended with delays and uncertainties, and to put a premium upon legal sharp practice. Such an effort does not adequately punish the guilty, and yet works great harm to the innocent. Moreover, it entirely fails to give the publicity which is one of the best by-products of the system of control by administrative officials; publicity, which is not only good in itself, but furnishes the data for whatever further action may be necessary. We need to formulate immediately and definitely a policy which, in dealing with big corporations that behave themselves and which contain no menace save what is necessarily potential in any corporation which is of great size and very well managed, shall aim not at their destruction but at their regulation and supervision, so that the Government shall control them in such fashion as amply to safeguard the interests of the whole public, including producers, consumers, and wage-workers. This control should, if necessary, be pushed in extreme cases to the point of exercising control over monopoly prices, as rates on railways are now controlled; although this is not a power that should be used when it is possible to avoid it. The law should be clear, unambiguous, certain, so that honest men may not find that unwittingly they have violated it. In short, our aim should be, not to destroy, but effectively and in thoroughgoing fashion to regulate and control, in the public interest, the great instrumentalities of modern business, which it is destructive of the general welfare of the community to destroy, and which nevertheless it is vitally necessary to that general welfare to regulate and control. Competition will remain as a very important factor when once we have destroyed the unfair business methods, the criminal interference with the rights of others, which alone enabled certain swollen combinations to crush out their competitors—and, incidentally, the "conservatives" will do well to remember that these unfair and iniquitous methods by great masters of corporate capital have done more to cause popular discontent with the propertied classes than all the orations of all the Socialist orators in the country put together.

I have spoken above of Senator Davis's admirable address delivered a quarter of a century ago. Senator Davis's one-time partner, Frank B. Kellogg, the Government counsel who did so much to win success for the Government in its prosecutions of the trusts, has recently delivered before the Palimpsest Club of Omaha an excellent address on the subject; Mr. Prouty, of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, has recently, in his speech before the Congregational Club of Brooklyn, dealt with the subject from the constructive side; and in the proceedings of the American Bar Association for 1904 there is an admirable paper on the need of thoroughgoing Federal control over corporations doing an inter-State business, by Professor Horace L. Wilgus, of the University of Michigan. The National Government exercises control over inter-State commerce railways, and it can in similar fashion, through an appropriate governmental body, exercise control over all industrial organizations engaged in inter-State commerce. This control should be exercised, not by the courts, but by an administrative bureau or board such as the Bureau of Corporations or the Inter-State Commerce Commission; for the courts cannot with advantage permanently perform executive and administrative functions.

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A CONSTITUTION FOR CHINA

A POLL OF THE PRESS

WHAT has been the condition of affairs in China? In the words of the Peking correspondent of the New York "Times:"

> The responsible leaders in China to-day realize that China is "the Sick Man of Asia," whose condition is most critical, demanding heroic treatment if his life is to be saved. From without the integrity of the Empire is seriously menaced by the encroachments of China's nearest neighbors, and under present conditions China is powerless to defend its domain or protect its sovereign rights; while within the integrity of the Empire is threatened by internal disorder, bankruptcy, and decay, and under the present state of things the Government is unable to put the affairs of state in proper order. Something, therefore, must be done, and done quickly. . . . The Constitutional party sees in a representative form of government a panacea for all China's existing ailments and troubles, and holds that if the fate of Korea is to be avoided, China must adopt a Constitution, establish a Parliament, and speedily put her house in order.

Reforms were promised, but, as the London "Daily Mail" points out,

> The promised reforms have been denied. Experience has taught the Manchus and the Peking Government nothing. They have shut their eyes to the changes that are taking place throughout the Empire. China has ceased to be an inert mass.

The popular agitation for change and for real constitutional government, says the Manchester "Guardian,"

> though it has roots deep in the past, may be said to have taken its present form with the education of Chinese students in Japan and America.

Finally, largely under this influence, in 1905 commissioners were sent to foreign countries to study the Constitutions of those countries. In 1906 an edict was issued stating that a constitutional government would be inaugurated at some time in the future. In 1907 another edict ordered the Ministers to prepare the foundations of such government. In 1908 regulations for provincial parliaments were published, and it was declared that a complete constitutional system would be inaugurated in 1917. In 1909 the provincial parliaments met, and in 1910 a National Assembly was convoked, also known as the Senate of the complete Parliament which was to come later. Half of the members were named by the Throne, and the other half elected from the members of the provincial Parliaments.

No one thought much of the National Assembly, says the New York "Sun," when it came together a year ago for the first time. Yet

> it was the second great step in the programme of constitutional government that had been outlined in the Imperial edict of 1907 under the Empress Dowager and the Emperor Kwang Hsu, to be granted to the country year by year in more or less experimental stages covering ten years. . . . The National Assembly was only to be a provisional affair, a school in which the paternal Throne thought that its docile children could play with this new pet, constitutional government, with its teeth removed and its claws out. In other words, the two hundred delegates, half appointed by the Throne and the rest elected by the provincial assemblies, were to be able to talk and debate on subjects the Throne permitted to them, and were to send up to the Dragon Throne gentle recommendations and advice to help its decisions—which the Throne could calmly forget as soon as it wished. It was expected to be a mild, genteel talk and tea affair.

But the Chinese were in no mood to wait, though the date set for the beginning of constitutional government had been advanced so that it would occur in 1913. The agitation for the immediate convocation of a full Parliament has played an important part in the present rebellion.

Finally, at the end of last month, the Throne acceded to the National Assembly's demand for a complete constitutional Government, and in an Imperial edict humbly apologized for its past neglect. It granted an immediate Constitution, by which all future constitutional changes are to originate from Parliament and not from the Throne, and all treaties involving the burdens of the people or affecting the national interests are to be approved by Parliament. Parliament is also to approve the financial budgets before they become operative, and is also to control the army and navy except when employed outside the Empire. Moreover, a Cabinet is to be formed from which nobles shall be excluded and in which the Prime Minister shall be elected by Parliament. No wonder that Dr. Morrison, one of the best authorities on China, and the correspondent of the London "Times" there, telegraphing from Peking, says:

> To-night's edict, in which Prince Chun, the Regent, accepts, on behalf of the Throne, the

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National Assembly's basic points of a new Constitution, is of historic importance. The National Assembly, in submitting nineteen fundamental principles of a new Constitution, urges their immediate acceptance and promulgation as being more powerful than armies, and as the only remedy for the desperate situation. The Throne, with the best grace possible, unreservedly accepts them as the basis of the final draft of the Constitution, and undertakes to announce immediately their acceptance in the temple of its ancestors, and promulgate them throughout the Empire.

Nevertheless, the Peking correspondent of the New York "Tribune" has some justification in cabling as follows:

By hysterically and hastily granting every demand of the National Assembly the Throne is endangering the establishment of sane constitutional government. The edicts give the Assembly, which really is a small and experimental body, many full and perilous parliamentary powers. The extensiveness of the demands made upon the Throne and the willingness shown to accede to them for the mere sake of saving the dynasty are endangering the support which the conservative element has consistently given to the old régime, but it is evident that the Assembly completely dominates the Throne.

The Constitution, as above outlined, might be made to fit a monarchy or a republic, but, to quote the London "Saturday Review,"

Talking of proclaiming a republic is mere moonshine.

As the Hartford "Courant" says:

The project of setting the Chinese to the task of electing the President of a republic is fantastic. If the initiative, the referendum, and the recall could all be boiled down into one strong solution for immediate application, the political results would not be so convulsive as would a popular election in China to-day.

To this it is fitting to add the comment of the Topeka "Capital:"

If the revolutionary leaders are satisfied with a constitutional government they can evidently have it without the further shedding of blood. A republican form of government is another matter.

The vital question is not whether China shall be a monarchy or a republic, but, to quote the well-informed Shanghai "National Review:"

The question of responsibility to the people is the vital question. The Assembly is trying to establish the principle that the Ministers of the Throne must be responsible to the people, a principle which it took at least four centuries for the English people to assert with any degree of effectiveness. What remains to be seen is in whose hands the victory is ultimately to lie. The whole conception of representative government, whether in the form of a limited monarchy or of a pure republic, implies that the head of the State cannot be personally held responsible for his acts except when they are not in accord with the will of the people; that the chief executive is not a governor but merely a ruler; that his immediate advisers are responsible for the interpretation of the will of the people, and only so long as they continue to interpret that will correctly do they continue to hold office.

So far as telegraphed to this country nothing has been said about universal suffrage, though the radicals demand it. The New York "Journal of Commerce" declares that it is certain that China is not yet ready for universal suffrage, and that among the most pressing of her needs is the removal of the dense mass of ignorance which overspreads the land and unfits the great body of the people for self-government.

To quote the Shanghai "National Review" again, we have an even more explicit and emphatic statement:

It will be half a century at the very least before the people of this Empire can be fit to give their full and free consent to anything. Only one out of every thousand knows anything about the method by which he is governed, and not until the whole nation has enjoyed the benefits of popular education would it be either wise or safe or expedient to consult the nation on any single issue.

But even after education is established, will mere methods count as long as the root evil remains untouched? As the London "Times" says:

Though a beginning has been made in constitutional experiment in the summoning of the . . . National Assembly, a partially elected body intended to prepare the way for a full Parliament, . . . nothing has been done to cure the root evil of Chinese public life—the almost universal corruption of the official classes.

Be this as it may, the Chinese unrest is a part of a great world movement. To quote the Chicago "Tribune:"

It has been almost as if the nations were responding with sudden enthusiasm to a fiery evangel of freedom. Turkey sends a timorous but tyrannical Sultan into exile and gives life to a constitutional government; Persia drives out an autocratic ruler and takes its first steps towards self-government; Mexico unseats an autocratic President; Portugal deposes its King and elects a President; and now the astonished world awakes to find China forcing the frightened Throne to offer a representative form of government. . . . To the historian who will survey this world movement for political freedom in the perspective of time it may seem as remarkable a phenomenon as the Crusades, as remarkable as the Renaissance, as remarkable as the great fifteenth and sixteenth century movement of exploration and conquest, and as the liberal movement of the latter part of the eighteenth century.

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SCIENTIFIC MANAGEMENT AND THE MORAL LAW

BY E. D. H. KLYCE

ARE there any valid fundamental principles back of scientific management? Has it anything to do with you and me, or is it concerned only with bricklayers and handlers of pig iron? And, after all has been said and done, does it give us anything new which we have not known for thousands of years? All these questions are constantly being heard. Let us start from the beginning and see if we can discover the answers.

Mr. Frederick W. Taylor, the originator of scientific management, was for years employed as workman or as manager in productive industries. Living face to face with conditions in large manufactories, he was struck with the continual and profligate waste—waste not only of materials, but of the strength and spirit and even lives of the men. Workmen handling pig iron, he observed, used two or three times as many motions or steps as they should. If all that time and energy were intelligently saved, it could be put to use and bring the workman more money and the employer greater production. What was the reason for all this waste? It was because the kind of man who could best handle pig iron had not the type of brain which could intelligently plan his work. But even if he had, he could not at the same time both sit at a desk in an office to plan and be outside piling the iron. But even worse than that was the deliberate holding back of the workman in order to keep as small as possible the daily average of work done; for any marked increase in the output would make the management lower the rate per piece, thereby giving the same wage for an increased output. Consequently there was a continued struggle between employer and employee, the one trying to do the least work for the greatest wage and the other trying to get the greatest work for the least wage, and this meant discord instead of harmony, antagonism instead of co-operation. There seemed to be another trouble: the employer did not take his share of the responsibility. In almost all industrial establishments the employer knows far too little about the details of each part of the work under him; that is left to the employee. Therefore there are hundreds of different ways of doing the same little job in different parts of the country, and hundreds of different types of tools are used. Obviously, there must be one best way and one best tool for each job. It was clearly up to the management to devise some better system.

Starting with the ideal of formulating a system of management which would "secure the maximum prosperity of the employer, coupled with the maximum prosperity of the employee," Mr. Taylor experimented and calculated for almost thirty years before he formulated the principles of what is now called scientific management.

Under this science the management of an establishment takes upon itself four new duties. The first is to develop a science for each element of a man's work, writing out minute instructions as to just what the workman should do to get the best and greatest results, and to provide the best available tools. The next is scientifically to select, and then train, teach, and develop, each workman. The third duty is heartily to co-operate with the workman so as to insure the work being done in accordance with the principles of the science. And the last duty of the management is to take over all the work for which it is better fitted than the employee. This means minutely planning and recording the work and providing and using an immense amount of scientific data. This last duty divides the work and responsibility almost equally between the management and the workman.

In order to make the workman put his best effort into his work, and work as hard as he plays baseball, for instance, it is necessary for the management previously to find out the quickest and best method of doing his particular job, and just how long it ought to take to do it. Having ascertained these particulars and given all requisite information to the workman, a large and permanent bonus or money reward is given to the man each time that he accomplishes the task set. This reward is one of the essential factors of scientific management, because it is contrary to human nature to work harder than necessary

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except with a permanent and lucrative incentive. But even this incentive cannot make the man work unless he wishes to. Some men are so lazy mentally or physically that no money could induce them to exert themselves beyond the requirements of the minimum living wage. The man has to make the effort himself, and all the instructions and advice of the management are of no avail unless the man studies these instructions and follows the advice. In other words, no system of management can make a man work who does not want to.

What of the employers, now, in their relation to scientific management? Is it from kindly and charitable motives only that they are induced to spend years perhaps in detailed and untiring search for the best methods and best tools? Not at all. In return for their unending study and additional responsibility they also receive a large and permanent reward. Their reward is a greater and better output, and therefore cheaper cost of production and larger dividends. Unless the employer received good cash returns he certainly would not go to the trouble and expense of changing practically every detail of work in his entire establishment. Nor is that all, for he must go deeper and adopt new and fundamental principles for employer and employee alike to work under.

ARE THESE PRINCIPLES IN HARMONY WITH NATURE'S FUNDAMENTAL LAWS?

What are these fundamental principles? There are certain laws which govern the universe, laws which the most unlearned of us acknowledge and depend upon. If you put your hand in the fire, for example, it will always be burned; the law is inevitable.

It is a generally accepted fact that the human race has grown up or evolved from very simple forms of life. In other words, as the environment, or total surrounding nature, became more complex and varied, it produced changes in the forms of vegetable and then of animal life until, slowly and gradually, a very complex being, man, was evolved. From this general survey of all natural laws, then, it is seen that their highest form of expression is man. Therefore, for us the total meaning of all natural laws is that the human race exists—that the race is preserved. It is probable that these same laws which resulted in producing the race will continue in the future, so that the race will continue to exist; science assumes that they will. Then if we acknowledge that this general law that *the race is preserved* be morally right—that it is wrong to try to destroy the race—this law becomes the fundamental moral law, and its expression becomes, *the race must be preserved.*

This moral law, that every one should preserve the race, has two parts, equally important. If each man attempted to take care of every one else and neglected himself absolutely, he would shortly be eliminated by the environment, for no one else can chew his food for him, or breathe for him, or sleep for him, to take very simple examples. If he did not cease his activities in behalf of others long enough to take thought and care of himself, he would not live very long. On the other hand, if every one took care of himself exclusively, to use the simplest and most thoroughgoing instance, all the children would die and the race pass away with the present generation. Therefore, to preserve the race means to preserve or care for not only one's self but others. These two elements constitute the whole moral law. Obedience to the law gives life and success or happiness. Violation of the law leads to death and unhappiness. This statement of the law is accurate, and is also very old. The Bible instructs you to love your neighbor as yourself, which means the same thing. No one before Mr. Taylor, however, has expressed the dollars and cents value of doing so. Scientific management explicitly and emphatically recognizes the two parts of the fundamental moral law in one word: co-operate. It does more; it furnishes in the bonus system a practical standard for measuring what is the fair and just degree of co-operation of employer and employee, so that the maximum of prosperity shall come to both; and this standard is explicit and exact. This, then, is the sum total of the principles of ethics: Preserve the race; do this by self-preservation and preservation of others.

Let us illustrate by a simple, practical example just how scientific management emphasizes this moral law. Take, for instance, the manufacture of wooden boxes by hand.

Under the old piece-work plan the whole responsibility for the methods of doing the work rests upon the workmen, and we will say that they are paid fifty cents per box, are making six boxes per day, and are earning three dollars per day. The men realize, however, that the highest rate of pay for workmen in their trade is three dollars per

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day, and that if they were (through developing better methods or through harder work) to turn out more than six boxes per day, in the end their employers would lower the piece-rate price, and they would find themselves making more boxes and receiving the same old three dollars a day. Therefore they not only do not use their ingenuity in developing quick ways of working, but they deliberately "soldier" and refuse to turn out any more work, thus becoming, of necessity, more or less hypocritical and antagonistic towards their employers. Unfortunately, this feeling is usually reciprocated by the management.

Thus we see that the old system emphasizes the first part of the moral law. It shows each side the absolute necessity for looking after its own interest.

As to the second part of the moral law: far from convincing both sides that their interests are mutual and that each must look after the welfare of the other, this system tends to make them into business enemies, each side grabbing all that it can from the other. And not a hint is given by it that either side would profit by looking after the interest of the other.

Now compare this with scientific management.

Under the new system, those in the management feel that the responsibility is theirs for the adoption of the best and quickest methods of doing the work. They therefore make a careful study of every element which in any way affects the speed and accuracy of the work. As a result of this study, in this case the boards from which the boxes are to be made are piled as close as possible to the worker and in the most methodical way. The men are shown that by working in pairs they can make more boxes than they can when working singly. When cutting the boards to length, they are taught to pile a dozen boards together, and, with two men on a draw-saw, to cut the whole dozen at once, instead of each man cutting a single board with his own hand-saw, as was formerly done. A study is made of the best shape for the saw-teeth, and a man is taught how to keep all the saws sharp all the time. Light and convenient templets or forms are made for them with which to lay out each board to go into the box to its proper size, while before they measured each board with a foot-rule. The nails are delivered to them and they are taught how to handle them, so that while a blow is being struck with the right hand the left hand is taking the proper grip on the next nail. In place of the old short-handled claw-hammer, a hammer of the proper weight and length of handle is provided for each man, and he is shown the best manner of making his hammer stroke, just as the golfer is taught the best golf stroke. This enables him to drive each nail home with a preliminary tap to start it and a single full hammer stroke, where before he took two or three strokes to drive it. A gang boss or teacher is appointed by the management to stay with the men and keep them from straying away from the best methods.

After the men have become skillful in their new methods, a careful time study with the aid of a stop-watch of each motion made by a good workman shows that it is entirely practicable to make twelve boxes per day per man by the new method, without in the least overworking, where before only six boxes were made. The workman is then told that he will be paid each day three dollars (the highest ruling wages), and in addition to this every day that he makes his full quota of twelve boxes he will be paid a bonus of one dollar extra. Almost all workmen are delighted with a proposition of this sort, even although they see that their employer is getting his boxes made for thirty cents in wages when before he paid fifty cents. The extra dollar which each workman earns, and the twenty cents saved by the management in the cost of each box, are a constant reminder to both that it pays them to co-operate—that it pays each side to promote the welfare of the other. For the men see that without the twenty-cent saving per box the management would not take all of the extra work and bother that they do in helping them. And the management realizes that without the extra dollar of pay the men would refuse to adopt new methods and to work more steadily than before. And thus the importance of the two great elements of the moral law is daily enforced upon both parties:

In order to secure your own greatest welfare you must work, not only for your own interest, but also for the welfare of those around you.

When we see a man like Mr. Carnegie investing millions in libraries, we ask, Why does he do it? At the bottom there are two reasons: first, to preserve the people by putting in their hands the opportunity to educate

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and preserve themselves; and, second, to preserve himself by securing for himself dividends from his libraries more valuable to him than money—dividends of happiness from money well spent. That is the moral law.

And in the churches now one sees the awakening to the fact that even religion must be intelligent to be good. Instead of pious church members solemnly packing a "barrel" of their worn-out furs and flannels to send to the Fiji Islanders, these church members are giving their time in study and in teaching the heathen at their own door to live and let live, or else are giving up real money to send intelligent workers to uncivilized countries to take the Christian message there. *But* there is a point to be remembered here: even the churches would not go to all this extra study and work (for certainly casting off flannels into a missionary barrel is easier) if it did not pay them in just the kind of reward they want. The churches are working more and more intelligently to preserve the race, and that is the only way to attain their own preservation as permanent organizations.

In politics, too, the recognition of the inevitableness of this moral law is just beginning to be seen. The political bosses are being eliminated by the environment (in the shape of the initiative and referendum, for instance) because they have not been intelligent enough to see that they are not properly serving themselves while they are serving special interests, or, in fact, serving any group smaller than the whole people. Their reign has been long enough, and their political death is inevitable; those who will hasten the obsequies will be those studious leaders of men who have learned that their own reward and success depend solely upon how they serve the people.

As a matter of fact, we all instinctively know this moral law, and always have known it; almost every one practically, and as a rule unconsciously, assents to it and follows it by instinct and habit about as well as he can. If, however, it is *consciously* recognized and assented to, it is possible to follow it more closely. One beauty of scientific management is that it recognizes and assents to it fully. If any one denies, either consciously or unconsciously, the validity of the moral law and refuses to follow it, should not an attempt be made to persuade him to see its validity by putting the proof of it in a form which he can understand? Scientific management proves it in terms of money—or bread and butter—which has a very definite meaning to most people. Tolstoy made a stupendous pretense of believing only one half of this law—preservation of others; regardless of what he said, unconsciously, and like most of us, he took very excellent care of himself. Nietzsche, roughly speaking, really did accept only the other half; he was quickly eliminated, with much pain to himself.

Obedience to this law of self-preservation and preservation of others gives success or happiness. Briefly defined, success or happiness consists in staying with the crowd and advancing slowly as the crowd advances. This, of course, means staying in close touch with the immediate human environment—in touch with a few hundred or thousand friends, and advancing slowly with them. This may seem a curious definition of happiness on account of its mediocrity, but it is readily seen that only thus is an individual capable of obeying both parts of the law to an equal degree, and hence this definition is based on the law. Great men recognize this law, but cannot conform to it, as they are too far ahead of the crowd; they are personal failures, but a success for the whole race. Darwin was unhappy, so was Lincoln; yet no one can deny the great benefit each was to the world. The incompetents are unhappy, too, for they neither know the law nor could they keep up with the crowd if they did know it. There is no use worrying about these incompetents, although we cannot help pitying them profoundly; they are unfit and are doomed to elimination. However, there is no present scientific method by which we can accurately distinguish the tares from the wheat, so we must give even these suspects as much chance as possible.

As all men accept the moral law of self-preservation and preservation of others in actual practice to a very great extent, although generally unconsciously, it follows that they would obey it in every instance if they knew how, and consciously recognized its existence. The knowing how is the difficult part, and that is where scientific management has stepped in and has insisted on scientific instruction of both manager and workman. If it is admitted that this great law is right, it is moral, and disobedience is by definition unmoral or sinful. If we knew enough, we would not break this law—we would never

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sin. It follows, then, that *ignorance is the only sin.* And every time a man is ignorant and acts according to his error he harms not only himself but the whole race.

To summarize: The complete moral law which governs all human endeavor is that the race shall be preserved and that the only sin is ignorance of how to act in preserving it. Obedience to the law gives success or happiness; stated in other words, the obedient one is in harmony with the advancing environment. The avowed purpose of scientific management is intelligent obedience to the complete moral law, giving this harmony.

It may be objected that we read too much into the principles of scientific management and that all these things were not intended by the man who formulated them. It is true that all the foregoing proof is theory and would be of no earthly use unless it could be applied to real life. The test is: what is the effect on the men and the community where scientific management has been established? Let us first realize that the wealth of the world consists, roughly speaking, of all material things which can be used or consumed by man. Money is merely a convenient and universally understood measure of wealth. When a man has money he has power, for he can obtain with it the material things he wants or needs. In the process of working for this money, if the moral law be obeyed, man also obtains any spiritual thing he wants. Consequently, if one can be taught how to obtain money and at the same time to obey the complete moral law, one learns how to obtain all things which man wants or needs. This, then, is what scientific management has accomplished, not perfectly by any means; as a matter of fact, all the leaders in the movement explicitly disavow any perfection. But in the hundred or more factories and industries which are to-day running under scientific management and which are employing about fifty thousand men, the consensus of opinion is that the workman is more efficient in his work and is a more valuable citizen in the community. The effect of all these instructions in accomplishing work more rapidly is that each workman of a given capacity is enabled to do much higher, more interesting, and finally more developing and more profitable work than ever before. In these companies the tone of the entire community has changed, and capital and labor work harmoniously together, each with more money earned, leading saner and more profitable lives than before. Scientific management accords with all natural law and is inevitable. In the end, honest use of these principles will lead employers to prefer the closed shop; not, however, until labor unions have broadened out and changed their view-point, so that they come to see that it is just as important for them to look out for the welfare of their employers as their own prosperity.

In conclusion, then, scientific management is a definite and practical statement of ethics in that it recognizes the total moral law of self-preservation and preservation of others. It rounds out and completes all previous statements of the law. It shows that to obey the law takes brains—that we cannot live a godly, happy life unless we use all the intellect we have, and that ignorance is no longer bliss, but sinful folly. Scientific management gives us a definite standard—that of a money reward—for testing the degree of obedience to this law, a standard directly applicable to the great class of normal or average men. These same principles were stated in the New Testament nearly two thousand years ago, and scientific management has simply emphasized them by showing a definite standard of success. In other words, scientific management applies all available knowledge to the workaday life of humanity.

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THE BOY WHO RAN AWAY

BY WILLIAM E. BARTON, D.D.

WHILE Jesus and his disciples were eating the Passover in the upper room the family who owned the house were observing the same festival in the living-rooms below. This family consisted of a widow, named Mary, her son John Mark, a large boy almost grown to manhood, and possibly other and younger children of whom we have no knowledge. Our interest centers chiefly in this boy John Mark. He was old enough to be considered the man of the house, yet young enough to be carrying water-pots and performing other services such as women and boys performed in making ready for the Passover. On the afternoon of that day Mark had gone to a public fountain to bring water for the Passover season. There he met two men known to him as disciples of Jesus, who said to him, "The Master saith, Where is my guest-chamber, where I shall eat the Passover with my disciples?" Jesus and his disciples were acquainted with the family and had some previous tentative arrangement concerning the room, but none of them had ever been to the house, and the meeting at the fountain was by appointment, for Jesus was in hiding from his enemies. It was because there was some occasion for secrecy that the plan was carried out in this fashion, and the two disciples had no conversation with Mark as they walked through the streets; they merely kept in sight the young man with the water-pot on his shoulder, and they followed him until he entered the courtyard and shut the outer door. Then he set down the water-pot, greeted them, led them up the outer stairway that opened from the courtyard, and showed them an upper room, which in this case must have covered practically the whole of the lower floor.

Mark himself describes it as "a large upper room, furnished and ready." Brief as is his account of things in general, his description of this room is far more minute than that of the other evangelists. Even those who copied them omitted some of the details which he gives. They meant more to him than to any of the others.

Mark had been busy during the rest of the afternoon and evening preparing for the family's own celebration of the Passover. They doubtless had guests, for small families were accustomed to invite in enough people so that together they might consume the whole of the Passover lamb. Doubtless, also, they were accustomed to having guests in the upper room, for Jerusalem was full of people at the Passover time, and many of them had to make temporary arrangements for the observance of the Passover.

Mark had been accustomed to something of this sort through all the years of his boyhood; but this was an unusual occasion. Slight as was his acquaintance with the disciples of Jesus, he knew enough to feel a keen sense of apprehension in view of the plots and rumors that were current in Jerusalem that week. The family that ate the supper downstairs must have commented with many expressions of wonder and sympathy upon the other group that were eating the Passover supper beneath the same roof.

The Passover supper was ended downstairs and the guests took their departure. Mark gathered all that was left of the Passover lamb—the few shreds of flesh and the bones, which had been unjointed with care that none of them be broken—and burned them in the brazier in the courtyard, and was still standing there watching them being consumed when one of the disciples descended the outer stair and brought down the bones from the lamb that had been eaten upstairs and burned them in like manner; for this was the commandment of Moses, that nothing of the Passover lamb should remain until morning and that everything left should be consumed by fire; and there was a verse in one of the Psalms which had assumed the character of a divine command among them, "He keepeth all his bones; not one of them is broken."

Mark returned inside and went to bed. His mother had already retired, and he lay down for what was left of the night, but he could not get to sleep. He still heard conversation upstairs. Jesus was talking to his disciples, and now and then they interrupted him with questions. Mark could not distinguish the eager word of Philip, "Lord, show us the Father, and it sufficeth us," nor

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that of Thomas, "Lord, we know not whither thou goest; and how can we know the way?" But he knew when one of the disciples was asking Jesus a question and when Jesus spoke in answer.

Shortly after midnight Jesus and his disciples descended the outer stair and passed into the courtyard. Mark wondered where they were going and what was about to happen. Jerusalem had been so full of inquiry and conjecture and vague rumor, the boy could not help feeling apprehensive.

He rose to bolt the door that led from the courtyard into the street after the disciples had passed out. At the moment he had no thought of going farther, and merely wrapped himself in a linen coverlet which he snatched from the cot; but his curiosity impelled him to follow the Lord and his disciples from the courtyard into the street, around the first turn, and as they went farther he followed them. He thought he would turn back at the city gate, but as they continued through the valley of the Kedron he still followed at a distance. It was a bright moonlight night, and he was full of interest and curiosity.

He followed them as far as the gate of a garden at the base of the Mount of Olives, and then, having seen them inside, he turned back towards the city. But half-way back he met another company coming from the city in the direction of the garden—a group of officers and Temple servants and hangers-on—bearing torches and armed with clubs. He stood out of the way and let them pass; then, with his curiosity kindled to the highest pitch, he turned again and followed them. He may have had some thought of warning Jesus and the disciples that their enemies were coming, but he found no way to get past them in the road and reach the garden first. They were at the gate as soon as he was, and he arrived in time to see Judas's kiss of betrayal and Jesus in the hands of the mob.

He pressed closer than was altogether prudent—his boyish curiosity and his interest getting the better of his judgment—and before he knew it he was in the outskirts of the mob. Suddenly a rough hand was laid upon him and somebody demanded of him what was his business there. Then in an instant terror overtook him; he wrested himself loose from his captor and ran homeward, leaving the linen sheet in the hands of the man who had seized him. He reached his own home, entered the gate of the courtyard, barred it behind him, listened a moment to be sure he was not pursued, and then crept back to bed, where he panted and shivered until he got his breath, and lay awake until almost morning. In the morning none of the family knew that he had been out, nor did he tell it immediately; but long years afterwards, when he heard the story of that night from Peter and wrote it down as Peter told it to him, he could not refrain from adding these words, which neither Matthew nor Luke thought worth keeping and which few people understood when they read them:

"And they all forsook him, and fled. And there followed him a certain young man, having a linen cloth cast about his naked body; and the young men laid hold on him: and he left the linen cloth, and fled from them naked." (Mark xiv. 50–52.)

The disciples continued to assemble in the upper room. They were there on the next Sunday, and a week later, and had wonderful experiences there. In the days that followed the Resurrection this still was their meeting-place. When Peter was in prison and released one night, he stood for a moment outside the prison gate wondering which way to go, then turned straight toward the street where Mary lived and rapped at the door. It was a girl named Rhoda who opened the door that night, and she was so astonished at seeing Peter there that she left him standing outside while she ran back to tell the others. Peter knew where to come; he had been there before and had become an intimate friend of the family.

Mark had an uncle, named Joseph, who lived in Cyprus. He came to Jerusalem and became much interested in the things he heard concerning Jesus. He was a man possessed of considerable property, and he became so interested in the little colony of Christians residing in Jerusalem that he closed out his real estate and brought the proceeds and invested them in the new enterprise. He became an invaluable man. He had traveled farther than most of the disciples, and had better knowledge of the world and its ways. When a certain hot-headed young Pharisee who had been a persecutor of the Church became converted, and, after a three years' disappearance, returned to Jerusalem professing to be a Christian, and all the rest were suspicious of him, it was Joseph who had faith in him and brought him to the disciples and established an acquaintance be-

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tween Paul and the disciples which, though it never grew very intimate or friendly, still obtained for Paul a recognition which he much needed, and secured to the Jerusalem colony some exceedingly important services which Paul later was able to render in certain preaching tours which he undertook into places where few of the Galilean disciples would have gone or could have done effective work.

This man Joseph, Mark's uncle, became so valuable and valued a member of the Christian community that they gave him a surname, Barnabas, "the Son of Consolation," a name which is a notable tribute to his worth and character.

The first notable missionary journey was undertaken jointl yby Barnabas and Paul, and started from Antioch. Mark was with his uncle in Antioch and wished to go with them as general attendant. He was the more eager to do this because the journey took them, first of all, to Cyprus, his uncle's home, and this part of the journey the young man enjoyed, but when they returned to the mainland and toured Asia Minor he wearied of it, and he and Pau were not congenial. They reached Pamphylia and had some trouble, and Mark turned back to Jerusalem.

Paul did not like the young man very well, anyway, and after his desertion he liked him less. Paul did not know it, but it was the second time Mark had run away. If Paul had known of the first time, he would have liked him still less.

Some months later Paul and Barnabas were starting on a second preaching tour, and again Mark was with his uncle and wished to go along, but Paul objected strenuously. He contended that no good was to be expected from a young man who had deserted them as Mark had done. Barnabas stoutly asserted that the boy had good stuff in him and was not to be judged too harshly for one failure in duty. Paul would not hear a word of it, and the discussion grew into a sharp contention over which the two old friends quarreled, separated, and never worked together again. Paul had a lonely time of it for quite a while after that, and sorely missed his old friend Barnabas. Bitterly he reflected, as he thought of it, that they had quarreled about a young fellow who really never was worth it.

But Paul changed his mind about this in after years as he heard how Mark had made good. He wrote to certain friends to whom he thought Mark might come and who might be prejudiced against him on Paul's account. "Marcus, sister's son to Barnabas," he wrote, "if he come, receive him." It was a great concession for Paul to make. By this time he had made up his mind that Barnabas was right and he was wrong concerning Mark. There is a reference still more intimate and pathetic in the very last letter that Paul ever wrote, a letter which tells of his own disappointments and of those who had deserted him while he was in prison. Luke only had stayed with him, and was with him then. The situation was grave and he needed other help. He was writing to Timothy to come, and in casting about for some other young man whom he could trust implicitly he wrote, "Take Mark, and bring him with thee: for he would be profitable to me in my present situation."

Whether Timothy found Mark and took him to Rome to assist Paul we do not know, but we are informed concerning Mark's later experience. He became the companion of Peter and was very intimately associated with him. Peter's first letter appears to have been written by Mark at Peter's dictation, and in it Peter affectionately calls him "Marcus, my son."

By this time there was growing up in the early Church a need which the first disciples may not wholly have realized. It did not occur to any of them at the beginning that it would become necessary for them to write down the story of the teaching and life of Jesus. All of them had known Jesus personally, and their first associates in the Church knew him and the character of his life and teaching. Their first sermons were not biographical. We have samples of them in the Book of Acts, and we know that they made somewhat meager use of the incidents in the life of Jesus. The first books of the New Testament were not the Gospels, but mere letters, and the first letters were not the more important ones. They grew out of the immediate exigencies, and were written by the apostles to personal friends in the churches which they had founded. References to Jesus were abundant, but incidents from his career were infrequent and quotations from his utterances were very few. The need of a written life of Jesus was not immediately apparent, even when Christianity went to other lands than Palestine.

Yet all the time there was growing up a biography of Jesus, and parallel with it a collection of his teachings. The two appear

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to have grown up somewhat independently, though related; a body of tradition concerning what Jesus had done, and a compilation of sayings remembered by the apostles as the "logia," or words of the Lord.

As the number of those who had been associated with Jesus grew small and most of the early apostles had died, it came to Mark apparently before it came to any one else, as an important and compelling suggestion, that somebody ought to write a story of the life of Jesus. In all probability he did not begin this till after Peter had died; then, as people appealed to him with more and more frequency to know what Jesus had said and done, he set himself to remember as best he could what Peter and the rest had told him.

In the first half of the second century there lived a man named Papias, who gathered up a good many traditions then current concerning the apostles and their work. Particularly did he relate those which he had heard from one John the Presbyter, who was not the same as the apostle John, but one whose memory linked the memory of Papias to that of the immediate successors of the apostles. Relying upon this testimony, Papias tells us many things of great value. His writings as a whole have perished now, but Eusebius, a Church historian of the time of Constantine, has preserved valuable fragments of what Papias wrote, and in his own words. This is what the Presbyter John told Papias, and what Papias wrote and Eusebius quoted in Papias's own words, and it is a tradition which goes back to the later years of the first Christian century, for these words were written not later than 140 A.D.:

"Mark, having become the interpreter of Peter, wrote down accurately everything that he remembered, without, however, recording in order what was either said or done by Christ; for neither did he hear the Lord nor did he follow him, but after, as I have said, attended Peter, who adapted his instructions to the needs of his hearers, but had no design of giving a connected account of the Lord's oracles. So then Mark made no mistake while he thus wrote down some things as he remembered them, for he made it his one care not to omit anything he had heard, nor to set down any false statements therein."

This statement of Papias has been used in an attempt to disprove to every one that Mark could have been the boy in the linen sheet who stood outside the gate of the garden on the night of the betrayal, for Papias distinctly says that Mark had not known or followed Jesus. But the word of Papias need not be understood as meaning so much that Mark had never seen Jesus, but only that for the main body of his teaching he had to rely upon others, and especially upon his intimate acquaintance with Peter.

Mark began to write his story of the Good News with extreme modesty and brevity. He began with the teaching of John, and hurried right into the heart of his record. His story included no account of the birth of Jesus, or of his early life, or of his parentage, or descent from David; and it contained no formal discourses, only a few parables, and not very many miracles. It was a concise and nearly colorless account of the story of Jesus as it had been received by a young man from those who were with Jesus, written with no attempt at precise historical order, but only to set down the main things which a young man had heard from those older than himself.

It was so brief that it came to be undervalued. Matthew used it and copied almost the whole of it into his longer Gospel, which circulated freely among the Jews; Luke copied very nearly all of it in his beautiful story, written for the Gentiles; and these two became so popular, one among the Jews and the other among the Gentiles, that they quite overshadowed the shorter and simpler Gospel on which both of them had depended. There came a time, indeed, when there appears to have been only a single copy of Mark's Gospel that was known to exist in the possession of the early Church, and that was mutilated, for the last part of the last chapter had been torn off. We do not know how Mark finished his story of the Resurrection, for his account ends apparently at the eighth verse of the sixteenth chapter, and the remaining twelve verses are a later addition written by some one in an attempt to supply the missing verses of Mark's narrative.

Thus lightly did Mark come to be esteemed in comparison with the two longer and more highly colored narratives, for which he supplied much valuable material. But not only is Mark of exceeding great value as the earliest of our written sources of the story of Jesus, but it is also exceedingly improbable that without it either Matthew or Luke would have been written. Certainly we should have had neither of them in its present form but for

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the earlier story of Mark. In a way, all three of the synoptic Gospels depended upon the story picked up and preserved for us by the young man who ran away once, and maybe twice.

Tradition tells us that Mark afterward preached in Egypt. This is by no means impossible, for Egypt became a great center of Christian activity, and the teachers at Alexandria grew numerous in the century after the apostles and continued for several centuries thereafter. It is believed by many that Mark lived his later years and died in Egypt, and that his body was buried there. For centuries a tomb was pointed out as that of the evangelist Mark. In the ninth Christian century, when Venice was queen of the Adriatic and commercial mistress of the world, the Venetians wished to build in their city the most beautiful church in Christendom, and they counted it a serious oversight that all the twelve apostles had died without visiting Venice, for they wanted the bones of some notable saint to bury underneath their high altar. So they sent to Alexandria and obtained a human body believed to be that of the evangelist Mark. Very secretly they smuggled it out of Egypt, but received it in Venice amid great rejoicing and buried it with pomp and circumstance. Above it they erected that marvelous cathedral, glorious in its rich decorations and adorned with relics for whose sake they plundered temples in many lands. Over this temple Ruskin poured out his superlatives of praise until he fairly beggared the English language. This splendid church that bears the name of St. Mark's is a monument to the man from whom Paul thought no good could ever be expected, and in resentment at whose homesickness and desertion Paul quarreled with his best friend.

But this is not Mark's noblest monument. The second Gospel, his own literary masterpiece, stands an imperishable monument to his fidelity, and the quotations which both the first and third evangelists made from it add an eloquent testimony to its fidelity to apostolic tradition. In a very real sense the first three Gospels are the monument to the young man John Mark, and show to us how much of good may sometimes be expected from a young man who one time failed.

THE UNDERTOW

BY GEORGE S. WASSON

JIM ATHERTON and I were on our annual trip in the thirty-foot sloop Gulnare towards that fabulous spot where they are said to pry up the sun each morning with a crowbar. Fooled into leaving harbor by a vain promise of clearing weather, we groped our way in thick fog till three o'clock in the afternoon, when the wind suddenly struck spitefully from the northeast, dead ahead. "Hang it all," said Atherton finally, "let's get in out of this, somewhere. Let's make a fair wind of it, and try for False Island Harbor. That's about the only place we've never been in, and there'll be some novelty to it, anyhow."

Luckily, a long-looked-for buoy gave us a definite idea of our present position, and accordingly the sloop was kept off on a new course, with sheets well started and a big bone in her teeth. False Island lay several miles off the coast, and from the chart its harbor appeared a small indentation on the southwest side, with abundant depth of water, and good holding ground. The only obstruction was a sunken ledge known as the Old Proprietor, lying near the entrance, but plainly marked by a tall iron spindle. A tiny cluster of black spots on the chart indicated something of a settlement at the head of the harbor, and in agreeable anticipation of soon gaining cozy shelter from the fast rising sea, we sped on through a dense shroud of fog already containing a cheerless drizzle of rain.

In due time the tall outlying spindle was made directly ahead, yet we were somewhat puzzled by the simultaneous appearance in the fog of what seemed two additional spindles or spar buoys in close proximity, and also of a dark object which at first was taken to be a ledge awash, though the chart denoted nothing of the sort visible at any time of tide.

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A few moments, however, relieved any possible doubt as to our landfall. The two superfluous spindles proved the masts of a sunken schooner, and the neighboring black object shaped itself into a small boat attached by a long line to one of the mast-heads. In the stern of this boat, his head upon his breast, sat the motionless figure of a man encased in yellow oilskins, yet with absolutely no sign of being engaged in any occupation whatever. Behind him, barely discernible through the driving fog and mist, rose high the bald outline of False Island, barren and desolate to the last degree, with an undulating fringe of surf constantly gleaming along its rugged base. Round about the masts of the sunken wreck gulls circled and swooped into the leaden surges, their wild cries adding a final touch to the dismal scene.

What, in the name of common sense, thought we, should induce a man to sit out here on such a day alone in an open boat, tied up to the masts of a totally submerged wreck, with night soon coming on, and, likely enough, a storm brewing? The whole thing seemed inexplicable, and, fearing there might be something wrong with him, we luffed full into the wind close by and hailed.

To the first shout there was not the least response. At the second he slowly raised his head and stared at us. At the third he clumsily brandished a huge revolver in air, and thickly roared back the concise message, "Git out!" Being thus eased in mind as to the state of his bodily health, we once more filled away, and soon trimmed sheets for the half-mile beat up into the narrow harbor. On both sides the land was high and strikingly forbidding in aspect. Here and there the trunk of some fire-blasted spruce reared its gaunt length against the lowering sky, and in all directions boulders of elephantine proportions seemed on the verge of losing their footing among the dense mats of juniper, and crashing down the steep slopes into the sea. The faint bleat of invisible sheep and the distant cawing of crows only served to emphasize a solemn silence which, in sudden contrast to the lively swash outside, seemed almost oppressive.

On the left, near the extreme end of the inlet, huddled a meager collection of gray, weather-beaten little dwellings, many of them scarcely distinguishable at this distance in size or color from the gigantic boulders that crowded close upon them. To say that gray predominated in the general complexion of False Island Harbor on this particular occasion is simply a mockery. On the brightest June morning that ever dawned the island must still be gray and somber, its scanty patches of verdure always a salt-bleached, pallid green at best, and its sole attempt at color centered in the livid hue of kelp-grown ledges bared for a few hours daily by the tide. But a ghostly ashen gray ruled indeed supreme over each and every feature of the grim landscape as we first viewed it through the thick veil of fast-fleeting fog and mist towards the close of this dreary September day.

A dingy little schooner lying at a heavy mooring-buoy was the solitary occupant of the harbor proper. Her deck was encumbered with bulky freight of some description, though its nature was effectually concealed under rough coverings. As we passed her stern at short range a surly-visaged fellow scrambled out of the cabin aft and eyed us intently, while several others craned their necks from the companionway.

"What's that chap doing outside there, made fast to the wreck?" shouted Atherton.

The man deliberately walked to the vessel's rail and spat overboard before replying. "Mindin' his own business, I guess likely!" he then answered, with a nasty leer.

Further in, just beyond the principal cluster of houses, appeared the stumpy masts of a few sprit-sail fishing-boats, their hulls screened from view by an intervening reef of low ledges nearly blocking the passage, and so forming a secure, though very contracted, shelter for small craft in all winds. Close outside these ledges we anchored, intending soon to land and make certain inquiries before venturing farther in. There was nothing resembling even the rudest apology of a wharf to be seen among the naked granite rocks on either shore, and though closer inspection revealed here and there a skiff drawn high above the tide, in the matter of facilities for commerce of any kind False Island Harbor appeared a veritable Eskimo village.

We proceeded to furl the sails, and while so doing heard the familiar sound of a boat being launched from the rough shore. Directly a rotund individual of most bibulous mien came paddling alongside in a wretched little punt which even during the short passage of a few hundred feet had already leaked herself ankle deep. We then noticed with some slight concern that the man's person

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fairly bulged with empty quart bottles. Discarding all ceremony, he climbed confidently on board our craft.

"Good weather for ducks, ain't it, Cap?" he remarked jocosely, while quickly unloading his indecent burden of glassware upon deck. "Got a lots of the old stuff aboard of ye, I s'pose likely. Holy Moses! I ain't wet my whistle with nothin' only fog for goin' on a week's time!"

Long and varied experience with natives similarly affected had taught us the utter futility of attempting to assuage their sufferings. In explicit terms we endeavored to convince our visitor of his total mistake in thus taking it for granted that the Gulnare was engaged in the common business of peddling liquor among the islands and remote settlements of a coast supposed to be parched by prohibition. But the task in this instance proved to be particularly difficult, and patience was fast ceasing to be a virtue when, bumping heavily alongside, came two more citizens, and a fourth could be seen tugging desperately at a great dory high among the jagged ledges of the shore.

"Thought likely we'd full better git out alongside afore ever that feller drinked ye bone dry!" quoth one of the newcomers with genial humor, his companion meanwhile producing a capacious stone jug.

"I cal'lated myself you was a rum-bo't, quick's ever you hove in sight, but come to see Jake Benner strike out aboard of ye so plaguey sudden, why I knowed it for a sure thing! Jake he'll scent out a rum-bo't any day in the week, no matter if she's two mile dead to loo'ard of him; hey, Jakey, boy?"

Fearing from present indications that, if these good folk tarried longer on board, the remaining populace might be tempted to rise in their thirst and descend upon us as one man, we now took decided measures to be rid of them, and they at length departed in no agreeable frame of mind, but it was then so late that the proposed visit ashore was deferred till next day.

After supper it began raining in good earnest, and in the thick of it came still another caller from shore; this time a poor, cadaverous old soul who informed us that, while personally regarding liquor of any kind with the utmost abhorrence, he nevertheless wished, if possible, to obtain a pint of rum to be used by his invalid wife in bathing certain joints frightfully affected with rheumatism. For this accommodation he offered either a liberal "mess" of clams, two large lobsters, or a quantity of slack-salted pollack warranted to "eat complete." It was a dirty night, and he was an old man, and—our hearts could but relent. Before his departure, however, our curiosity in regard to the lone personage attached to the wreck outside was in some manner gratified.

The schooner, it seemed, had struck upon the Old Proprietor in the dense fog several nights previous, and all attempts at releasing her—made exclusively by her own crew of an old man and two boys—had failed. Why no help had been rendered from shore our visitor would not undertake to explain; on this phase of the matter he touched very lightly, but the part played by the crew of the vessel now moored in the harbor came in for bitter denunciation.

This craft, we learned, was one of the numerous lobster smacks regularly calling at remote points on the northern coast, buying the catches of the fishermen and carrying them alive to market. It was this particular smack's second trip to the island, and, according to our informant, local lobstermen were greatly incensed over their recent treatment by the skipper, and had refused all further traffic with him.

Just at this juncture came the mishap to the schooner outside, and due attention to such a promising matter naturally took precedence for the moment over everything else. The stranded vessel had a deck-load of cord wood, and, coming to grief near False Island, the inhabitants thereof were clearly entitled to all benefit accruing, yet the already unpopular skipper of the smack and his crew having reached the unlucky craft ahead of all others, at once assumed full possession, and, half drunk, threatened to shoot any who even ventured to make a line fast.

Most of the cord wood was transferred to their own schooner, together with sails and other gear, and had not the grounded coaster that night worked off the ledge and sank outright, our friend averred that these unprincipled outsiders would have stripped her completely. People of the island, rightful heirs to the property, had merely been able to secure what few paltry sticks of wood escaped these drunken pirates, and not a native of the place was richer by so much as a boat's painter out of what should have proved a godsend to the whole community.

Yet even now it seemed that the insatiate crew of the smack were far from content

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with their pickings, and fully intended securing the masts of the vessel when she broke up. With this in view, different members of the crew had taken their turns staying by her day and night, making good their claim through keeping a line constantly made fast to the prize. The lone man whom we accosted on first entering proved none other than the skipper himself taking his turn at the dismal watch, and, like the others, well fortified against the damp weather.

Inquiries concerning the old man and pair of striplings who constituted the crew of the wrecked coaster brought out the fact that they had been well cared for by one Captain Josiah Raines, formerly master of a large square-rigger, but, since the loss of a leg, postmaster of the place, and, in our visitor's estimation, a good-hearted but "cur'us old critter." In reply to questions regarding a change of berth next morning, our caller's best advice was to get the sloop in behind the ledges and moor in company with the other small craft to a heavy chain that extended across the narrow basin from shore to shore. He assured us that, owing to the notoriously bad undertow which for some unknown cause infested the harbor during severe northeast gales, no vessel could lie there with safety, and not a wharf had yet been built in the place that withstood its ravages over a single season. While, of course, nothing of the sort was to be apprehended until later in the year, he still counseled making fast to the massive chain cable which safely held several lobster boats throughout each winter.

There was no denying that our visitor's parting croaks concerning possible undertow in this forsaken harbor were somewhat disquieting. Before turning in that night extra scope of cable was paid out, and we also got on deck an absurdly large anchor long since fondly termed "old sleep inducer." The darkness was absolute; not even the faintest glimmer of a light showed through the gloom from shore, and under the steadily increasing northeast wind, fog-tautened halyards dolefully thrummed the mast in a ceaseless tattoo.

Undertow! The very word has a stealthy and altogether sinister import, well befitting a mysterious, unaccountable, and overpowering force which never attacks in the open, but insidiously rushes upon its prey from the depths of the sea, even then apparently reversing all laws of nature or reason in its uncanny working. Here, for instance, lay False Island Harbor, open to the southwest, but seemingly an ideal shelter in storms blowing from any point on the entire eastern board; the land high, the water deep, and the holding ground for anchoring acknowledged good. If we had been warned that the anchorage was untenable in southwest gales, it would have been no surprise, for these winds draw directly in and have unbroken rake for many miles; but the mind is staggered by the paradoxical proposition that, with the wind blowing squarely out of a nearly landlocked harbor, vessels cannot be held, nor even wharfs maintained, because of an irresistible power which at irregular intervals sends rushing in, *directly against* the prevailing wind, devastating surges known as bores, sweeping everything within grasp, and setting back on their return with suction so monstrous that the stoutest chain cables snap like threads. Yet this is what actually does occur in certain ill-starred havens during severe northeast gales of winter, while, confusion worse confounded, in others almost identically situated the treacherous, inscrutable undertow seems but a myth.

My shipmate and I fell asleep trying to puzzle the thing out, and woke next morning only to find worse weather and more of it. Immediately after breakfast, donning oilskins from head to foot, short sail was made upon our craft, and she soon lay securely made fast to the heavy mooring-chain traversing the inner basin. Certain other duties being attended to, we started rowing up the steadily narrowing inlet towards the post-office, following directions given by our last evening's acquaintance.

The tide was fast falling, and this, in conjunction with an adverse wind rapidly taking on the force of a gale, made progress laborious enough. For a third of a mile it was for us both a clear case of "bucking the ebb tide, and the grace of God," but at length we came to the rude little cob-wharf bearing the boat shop in which Captain Raines was said commonly to be found at work, the single weekly mail rendering his labors as postmaster far from arduous.

Entering the shop, the Captain was discovered lying upon the floor calking a small boat's garboard. Near a stove in the corner sat a dejected-looking little old man listlessly whittling, and two stolid-faced boys squatted opposite, likewise engaged.

At the sound of strange voices the Captain slowly regained his feet, and, turning squarely, surveyed us alternately. A thick-set, power-

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ful man Captain Raines was still, and, though his thick hair was snow white and his firm jaws were covered with hoary stubble, a pair of searching eyes flashed under shaggy jet-black brows in fine old quarter-deck style.

"Rum?" he sternly said at length, in a voice which almost jarred the windows.

We promptly disclaimed rum.

"Fish wardens?"

"Not even fish wardens," I replied.

"Well, then," said the Captain, in a somewhat mollified tone, "turn to and spit it right out good and plain just *what* you be, if you cal'late to do any business along of me! I'm a consid'ble peculiar devil myself, and no man can't take and show his colors a mite too quick to suit *me!* I don't cal'late to always and forever think hurt of strangers, but same time, if you're peddling out rum, I've got no kind of use for ye; if you're wardens on the hunt for 'shorts,' with one hand wide open behind your back, I've got no use for ye neither; and without you're one of the two seems though you'd ought to be clapped under guardeen for coming out here this weather. I'm a consid'ble peculiar devil, you un'stand, and all the way I know to git along with folks in this world is to always take and talk it right out endways to 'em!"

A few minutes later, we having apparently set ourselves right with the outspoken Captain and mailed letters in the rear pocket of his blue overalls, he readily discussed matters of present interest, even more than corroborating our friend of the previous evening.

"This 'ere plague-gone thief of a Joe Bolter that runs the lobster smack, he'd ought to been kilt long ago!" he declared, vehemently. "I've knowed of him for years back, prowling 'round here amongst the kelps in fust one old craft and then another, and he never was the least mite of good, not sence he was the bigness of a thole-pin. Land, he's drove at buying junk and wracking and peddling out rum, and I won't say what he ain't tried on, but whatever he was drivin' at, he'd always cal'late to turn to and swipe every namable thing he could lay holt on. The critter is nothin' only clear pizen, and I cal'late is mean enough to take and steal dough from off'n a blind chicken!

"'Twa'n't only the other day he come in here and wanted I should new-handle him a gaff. 'Bolter,' s' I, 'you take and git out of this afore ever I boot ye out! I don't want no manner of truck along of ye!' s' I. 'You'd full better go right down on the wharft here, stuff your pockets full o' rocks, and heave yourself plumb overboard! Only,' s' I, 'just afore you jump for it, don't forgit to sing out good and loud, "Here goes nothin'!"' I'm a consid'ble peculiar devil myself, you un'stand, and cal'late to talk pretty nigh the mark, especially with them kind of krawm."

"There seems to be a good deal of hard feeling over his actions on the wreck," I said. "No one else appears to have had much show out there."

"Land! there's row enough over it," assented the captain. "Some of our folks would love to take and 'slivver' him same's a herring, if they see the chance. It's a wonder to me somebody ain't cut him adrift out there in the harbor afore this. Cord wood is master scase here on this islant, you see. I won't say as there's anything our folks want to lay holt on more—without it might be rum," he added. "Bolter, he was a sight too foxy for 'em this time, though. Him and them wharf rats he's got aboard of him for a crew, they was out to the wrack the fust of anybody, and claimed her for theirn, clip and clean. They wouldn't see nobody else so much as tetch of her, but allowed she was a gone goose anyways, and turned to strippin' of her right away. Ain't that about the size of it, Cap'n?"

"That's just what they done," answered the old coaster skipper, despondently.

"But what I'm coming at is this 'ere," Captain Raines continued. "You take it even before this wrack, and our folks was all down on Bolter so bad that he couldn't buy ary lobster from a livin' soul to this islant. Maybe you ain't posted up any great in them things, but the way it works here now'days is this way. There's three or four of them lobster smacks that cal'late to stop here about once in every so often, pickin' up a trip to lug to market, and that's all the way our folks can make out to git their rum fetched to 'em from the main anyways reg'lar like. Of course there's these here scattering little rum-bo't's liable to tetch in here by spells, but you can't count on 'em anyways reg'lar. Maybe there won't be a one here up for a fortnight's time, and then again there'll be two or three in here to a lick, but them smacks is by all odds the best holt.

"Now take it something like three weeks' time sence, and Bolter he came in here for the fust trip in this old runout plug he'd only just bought—or stole, more likely. He give

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it out that her well would lug risin' of seven thousand lobsters easy, and, accordin' to his tell, no person else wa'n't going to do no business here at all. He had any God's quantity of rum aboard of him; and awful poor rum too, for that's all the kind ever we git, but he put it out same's water to everybody that come alongside, till all hands and the cook was full as ticks. What's more to the point, though, he up and promised 'em all, right and left, that if only they'd agree to let him have all their fish, in room of selling to them other smacks, he'd fetch all the rum they wanted he should every two weeks' time, reg'lar's he could git around. Said how he was solid with folks on the main there to ——, and could git holt of it by the bar'l easy as rolling off'n a log. All the thing anybody out here need to do, he says, was jest take and tell him beforehand how much he cal'lated on, and he'd git it like clockwork.

"Well, sir, you can bate that suited the heft of 'un right chock to the handle, and for quite a spell there wa'n't nobody like Cap'n Bolter. Land! 'twas nothin' only Cap'n Bolter says this, and Cap'n Bolter says that, and Cap'n Bolter he cal'lates to do so and so. Consid'ble often, you see, them other smacks would be pretty much dreened dry by the time they'd git around in here, and folks wouldn't be able to git more'n enough to stow on their hips, leave alone filling up a jug. Them smacks have every one got to fetch rum more or less, you un'stand, for no man can't buy lobsters around here at this day o' the world without he fetches the old stuff right along of him. It's 'no rum, no lobsters,' and that's all there is to it.

"Well, as I was sayin', Bolter he made out to strike this 'ere trade with a lot of 'em here, so, nach'ally, time thum other smacks come in they never done no great business, being as most everybody was hanging off waiting for Cap'n Bolter to show up again with his big bar'l of bug-juice. Bimeby he come pokin' of in here, more'n a week's time late, but, land you! in room of having it aboard of him so's every man could lug home his jugful, he never let 'em have hardly enough to wipe their mouths over, and the whole raft of 'em was mad as so many wet hens in a minute. Bolter he tried to lie out of it someways, of course, and allowed 'twas too nigh election time in there on the main to —— for him to work his game, but that very same day a bo't from Hardscrabble Cove came in here for bait, and said that Cap'n Bolter had been laying in there a week's time, with him and his crew, and I guess pretty much everybody else, drunk as fools!

"That's the reason why some of our folks kind of went back on Cap'n Bolter like, and if they wouldn't sell him ary lobster before this wrack, 'tain't anyways likely he'll ever buy a one now. Seem's though he sees that much himself, too, and so he's jest hanging on to git every dollar there is in that wrack before he skips out for good. It's held dungeon thick-a-fog out here for a week's time now, you see, without so much as a twelve-o'clock 'scale' ary once, and he figures he's safe enough to stop and scoop the whole of it before he quits. There's consid'ble queer works goes on out here in the fog by spells, you know!" the Captain said, significantly.

"Great Cæsar!" Atherton exclamed; "he can't make off with everything in that barefaced way! He's only got a salvage claim, and hardly that. I should call his actions downright robbery. Isn't there any wreckmaster about here to look after such matters, for Heaven's sake?"

"There's a one on the main there to Herring Cove," said Captain Raines, "but what's the good of him to us? Old Cap'n here has wrote him a letter, but there ain't no mail goes till to-morrow, and, from the look of it now, no bo't from here won't chance it acrost to-morrow, nor next day neither. Bolter he's kept a line fast to that wrack from the fust minute he got aboard, and the whole kit of 'em keep drunk enough to massacree anybody that comes anigh. None of our folks ain't liable to mix in no great now; without somebody takes a notion to cut the smack adrift by nights. That's what I've been kind of lookin' for myself, right along. Tell you what, though, this acts to me consid'ble like a breeze o' wind coming on, for I cal'late that's what we've got to have to break up this plague-gone fog mull. Now if this *should* take and breezen up here at the no'theast, and give us a reg'lar-built linestorm out of it, Mister Bolter might be apt to leave in a hurry, without no cuttin' adrift!"

"Wal," said the old skipper of the unlucky coaster, "I dunno's it makes much odds to me now, if he does. No doubt but what he cal'lates to skin out with what he stole afore anybody can git here to hender him, anyways. He ain't going to lay here

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and wait for no wrack-master, 'tain't anyways likely. If only him and his crowd had took a holt and helped us run our kaidge anchor, in room of turnin' to and strippin' of her, we'd had her off on the next high water; but the thing of it was, they never once cal'lated she *should* get off'n that laidge. All the idee any of 'em had was to git a dollar out of it, whether or no. They allowed she was spoke for sure, and there wa'n't no good of me saying nothin', for I couldn't do the fust thing with 'em. I wa'n't no more account than the windlass-bitts up forrard. Every time I'd ask any one of 'em to take holt and help us out anyways, all ever I'd git fer it would be more slang hove at me!"

"Land, Cap'n, I don't doubt ye a mite!" Captain Raines went on. "There's apt to be pretty much such works to every wrack, but them fellers are nothin' only a parcel of thieves, anyways. Take our folks here on this islant, and I won't say as they are any great sight wuss than the common run. Soon's ever there's a wrack anywheres, it's findings, havings! Consid'ble clever sort of folks will turn to and gaff on to everything they can lay hand on off'n a wrack, and never once call it no crime, neither. Why, I was to Benner's P'int one time late in the fall o' the year when there was a scand'lous bad wrack—every soul aboard but one drownded—and them folks turned to and stripped that wrack bare as a bone so quick 'twould make your head swim. Time the wrack-master showed up, there wa'n't a sign of her gear nor cargo to be seen no place. The owners they come down from the west'ard right away, and commenced to raise a ter'ble old hue and cry over it; they took and got out warrants to search pretty nigh the whole P'int, and you wouldn't believe the stuff they run afoul of! Land, but even that vessel's anchors and chains was dragged up and hid away amongst the fir trees, I won't say how fur from shore. But what took me down the most was that the parson hisself, he cal'lated 'twouldn't be no hurt to dip in a grain on his own hook, along with the rest-part of 'em, and it beat all what them officers h'isted out of the elder's cellar. That's a consid'ble tough yarn, but I can take and prove it to ye, day and date!"

Although much interested in the Captain's talk, the violence of the storm was now such that we felt anxious to return on board, and so prepared to leave. Rain was driving in pelting sheets against the eastern windows, and at times the frail building trembled ominously in the fierce gusts.

"This 'ere is taking holt now in proper good shape, and no mistake!" said the Captain, peering through the streaming panes. "Wonder if them crazy-drunk rascals have got a man outside there yit, made fast to them spars! He'd best be gitting a move on, without he cal'lates to stop out there and go adrift along of 'em. Where's your bo't laying to, anyways?" he suddenly asked.

We explained her position thoroughly.

"Oh, well, then," he said, "I think's likely you're all right. That's a piece of extry heavy barred chain cable that come off a big St. John's brig called the Sunny Side, much as a dozen year since. It belonged to her best bower, and she left forty-odd fathom of it out here in the harbor the night she struck adrift. Land you, but them poor devils never seen no great 'sunny side' to this islant, now I tell ye! 'Twas an awful able-looking piece of chain, but 'twan't stout enough to hold her in no such works as there was that night. That was winter-time though, and she was a big lump of a vessel. I guess likely a parcel of little bo'ts riding to it up in back of them laidges ain't liable to part it none too easy, for that was a grand good string of chain in the day of it. Then again, them laidges shut out the heft of the undertow, you see, and all that gits past into the pool where you be and up the crik here is what works over or around 'em at chock high water. You turn to and make fast to that 'ere chain with a piece of new riggin' parceled up in good shape, so's it won't chafe off on ye, and if that string o' chain ain't rusted out a sight wuss'n I think for, she'll hold ye till this islant blowed out by the roots. 'Tain't as if 'twas winter-times, you rec'lect. If 'twas, and the undertow commenced shoving them great bores up through here same's it doos—"

"You don't mean up in *here?*" I exclaimed.

"That's just what I mean," he replied. "Take it winter-times, with a no'theaster blowing a livin' gale for days to a lick, and the undertow that gits running in this plague-gone harbor is something fair scand'lous. Why, I've seen one of them hell-fired great bores take and run clean away up here in this crik at the top of high water, so's to float a bo't off'n the blocking right in this very shop, and soon's ever the tormented thing turned and commenced to set back again full chisel, she twisted this building clean 'round

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sideways, and like to have sucked it overboard complete. It's bolted down now, though, and I cal'late will stay put till I'm called aft, anyways. Betwist them bores that time the water would dreen every mite out of here, till a man could walk acrost in his slip-shods; and when bores git running same's that up here, you can bate there's the devil to pay and no pitch hot, down there to the harbor! Land! them bores will take and horse a vessel to wind'ard the whole length of her cable right plumb in the eye of the heaviest breeze o' wind that ever come out of the sky; but soon's ever they commence to suck out again full tilt, and the craft sets back on her anchors fit to rip the whole bow out of her, then's the time to stand from under, boys, for the sparks is bound to fly!

"But there, you! That's winter-times I'm talking about; we don't look for nothin' of the sort yit a while, of course. I think's likely we'll have a consid'ble smart brush out of this to-night maybe, for there ain't been no wind this fall so fur, and its 'most time we had a little 'apple-shaker' like. But 'tain't as though 'twas winter-times, and no doubt but what you'll make out to hang on complete. So good day to ye, gents, and call again. Pleased to see ye any time. I'm a consid'ble peculiar devil myself, but I never cal'late to rob nobody, and I might be able to do ye a good turn some ways or another."

As we raised the latch to go a terrific blast of wind and rain burst open the door, sweeping a whirl of shavings and litter into the farther end of the shop. We embarked quickly, and, with Atherton at the oars, fast started on our return, discussing with more than merely scientific interest the probable effect upon second-hand iron chain of twelve years' immersion in salt water. In the midst of it the boat's speed began to slacken unaccountably, though Atherton plied his oars with redoubled vigor.

"There's the deuce of a head tide setting into this confounded hole all of a sudden!" he panted. "We don't much more than hold our own against it!"

"Nonsense!" I said. "We've got a *fair* tide out of here; its ebb these two hours yet. We've hooked up somebody's lobster-dummy, or maybe there's something caught under the bow."

Atherton ceased rowing for a moment to investigate forward, while I leaned far over the stern in vain quest of some explanation for the boat's curious behavior. Looking up a minute later, we saw with astonishment that she was being carried up-stream again, and this squarely in the face of the howling gale!

"By the great horn spoon!" cried Atherton in excitement; "this beats the Dutch! I believe we've got mixed up with one of their infernal bores! Let's get ashore and see what comes of it!"

Noticing the naked roots of a spruce extending within reach over the steep bank close at hand, we soon got firm grip upon them and waited developments. In a few moments the inward rush of waters ceased entirely, and soon began again in the opposite direction. Once more we cast off, and, racing down-stream upon the ebb of what we now had little doubt was an incipient bore, the Gulnare was quickly boarded. Immediately the larger anchor was let go under foot, it being then not feasible to run it out in the skiff.

If there still remained in our minds any doubt as to the nature of the strange phenomenon just witnessed, it was effectually dispelled before nightfall. By that time, at least, it was evident enough that the dreaded undertow of ill-famed False Island Harbor was this season beginning its malevolent work far ahead of all calculations. Ever growing more frequent and powerful with the afternoon's flood tide, at high water the ravaging bores broke with appalling tumult upon the low barrier of ledges which alone prevented full access to the basin where we lay. Before black night again completely blotted from sight every trace of our grisly surroundings these ledges had already been several times entirely submerged and our little craft encompassed by seething foam diffused from the mad riot of waters upon them.

However well meant, much of Captain Raines's talk in the morning had been far from reassuring, and we made little attempt at sleep that night. The baleful atmosphere of the accursed spot seemed to have got thoroughly upon our nerves, and, aside from the portentous crash of breakers so close upon us, the weird shrieking of the gale, the incessant straining of the sloop at her fasts, and the general turmoil of so violent a storm, fully sufficed to prevent all sleep till after daybreak.

Throughout the next day the storm raged without cessation, rain still falling in torrents, and the scud so thick that only occasional faint glimpses of the nearest shore were to

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be had, while perturbing bores continued coursing in and out periodically, each hour increasing their volume and turbulency.

On the afternoon of the third day, however, the gale had greatly broken, though fog of the densest mixture still hung like a pall over the harbor. Bores, too, yet held on to a considerable extent, and it was with some difficulty that a landing was made. Accosting a man sorrowfully viewing the remains of a skiff cast by the sea nearly into the straggling roadway of the village, we inquired concerning Captain Bolter and his companions.

"Oh, them fellers?" he said indifferently. "Them fellers all went to hell the fust night of the breeze!"

Anxious to stretch our legs after so close confinement, we walked on through the forlorn little settlement, and continued towards the harbor mouth. The narrow road soon became a mere path, then lost itself entirely among the huge boulders of these wind-swept uplands. Each moment added to the sullen rumble of the rote, and at the bluff promontory's end a still angry sea churned furiously among the ragged ledges.

Seaward the fog at times seemed lifting slightly. We watched it hopefully, and at length were afforded for the briefest moment a nebulous glimpse of the lofty spindle now rising solitary from a mass of wild breakers on the Old Proprietor. But soon turning to retrace our steps, a faintly luminous glow was seen suffusing the western sky; a cheering reminder that in some more favored region the sun was already once again brightly shining, and might ere long soften under its warm rays the forbidding austerities of this lonely isle.

THE PEASANT'S PRAYER

BY IVAN SWIFT

The roan cow rests content under the trees
That shade the lane's end. Bumblebees
With golden thighs grip the sweet flowers
Of the sun-lighted bridal-wreath. No showers
Have laid the dry loam, and dust veils
The dragman's team as wearily it trails
The warping frame over the ocher ground
Sloping to the blue marsh edge. The main sound
A fitful creaking of the half-shadowed mill
That rests from labor, like a true bard, until
Some god's good wind comes on to bid it move.
No song but the faint cooing of a dove,
Lonely on the barn-ridge, mourning a mate.

Here, in my tired heart, early and late,
Shadows, dim lights, sounds of forgotten years;
Old sorrow-songs from memory of tears.
I have not known great love—the less to grieve—
Nor hated aught but to its course must cleave.
To books of wisdom, mirth, and things of beauty
I could not give the hour forepledged to Duty
Calling on busy hands. Ill fares the Soul.

Around my life of labor scroll on scroll
Of wonders I cannot read, music unheard
By my dull ears. How understand the word
The night stars speak and language of the winds?
Grass is pasture; wheat, bread. To other minds
Symbols of God, mystery divinely sweet;
To us—man, cow, or bee—but straw and meat.
Mine the gray toil; all sweet illusion yours.
Oh, grant me yet one dream—one that secures
My childish hope of comfort in the grave
And love beyond! This gone, what do we peasants save?

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THE SPECTATOR

SHIMMERING white under the fervid August sun, the long, hot line of the beach curved endless before the Spectator's discouraged eyes. He had undertaken to walk by the shore as far as the "two-mile store" for some beach shoes Mrs. Spectator was wanting. It was nine when he set out, just the turn of the tide, and the waves were riding bravely in, blue as a Sorolla sea, the air fresh with the keen salt dust of them. The Spectator had felt young, all manner of vague ambitions stirring mightily within him. But now, as he trudged back empty-handed (there were beach shoes at the two-mile store, but none for sale, the single pair in stock being needed to draw custom in the shoe window, custom for which there was only tantalization within), he felt ten years older. The tide had run out; sea and sky, so lately crisply blue, had sickened to a milky hue; the waves plashed listless on the glistening sand. A million insects wheezed among the coarse grasses on the low dunes. The Spectator was warm. He looked about wishfully for some excuse to loiter.

Before him lay a crowded little summer settlement, tawdry cottages with names like "Idlewild" and "Hazeldean," set among the gingerbreadery over their little porches, where countless women and babies idled more or less noisily. Nothing to stay him there. But what was that? A flagstaff, a gun-carriage, and a boat. The Spectator smelt a life-saving station and a chance for a famous gossip. He quickened his steps, and, as he had hoped, saw the legs of the keeper's chair come down expectantly at sight of a visitor. For this was closed season for life-savers, and gossip was free. Through July and August, when the force is off duty and the keepers sit solitary in their station doorways, there isn't a more talkable set of men on the face of the earth.

"Yes," said Keeper, tilting his chair to a luxurious angle, "I like the life. I always followed the sea. Went into this for novelty, and then it's more sure than fishing. And now I've worked up to keeper's berth I guess I'm too old to change." Old he was not. With his crisply curling hair, light, active figure, and clear, keen blue eyes, he looked probably younger than he was, looked scarcely more than thirty-five. "There's one thing most folks don't know about the life," he went on, after a thoughtful pull at a well-seasoned pipe, "and that's the amazing variety of it." "Variety?" queried the Spectator, waiting. "Yes, variety. I don't mean that sometimes there's calm weather and sometimes wrecks to break the monotony. A surfman has a lot to do beside just life-saving." "So?" said the Spectator. "You mean warning ships out of danger, and working vessels off that go aground, and salvage work on wrecked cargoes?" The Spectator felt rather knowing as he displayed so much familarity with Government reports.

Keeper sniffed. "All in the line of business. What I'm complaining of, as far as I *am* complaining, is different. There was quite a piece in the Boston paper one time"—he fished in his pocket a moment and drew out a well-fingered scrap. "This is what it calls us—pack-horses, Government pack-horses. It says all the left-over jobs are piled on us. Here, you read." The Spectator adjusted his glasses. "The surfman is at one time," so said the scrap of newspaper, "life-saver, retriever of strayed property, peripatetic lighthouse, sea scavenger, dry nurse to light-keepers, children, drunkards, and fools, physician-in-ordinary to the whole waterside, missionary messenger-boy, night-watchman, policeman, customs official, fireman, good Samaritan, scientist, and instructor in the art of navigation." "And what's more," quoth Keeper, thoughtfully tapping the scrap the Spectator handed back, "it's all true."

The Spectator eyed the surprising list. "Scientific?" he queried. "I can't say I see how." "Well, not to say exactly scientific," Keeper admitted. "But I know what the newspaper feller meant. You see, when any natural curiosity turns up along the coast, we're handy by and it's understood we'll investigate and pass the word to Washington. Now the sea-serpent—I never took much stock in the sea-serpent. No more does the Government. But they'd kind o' like to know what kind of turtle, or blood-sucker, or centipede kicks up all that fuss. So every time there's a scare raised at a shore hotel, the nearest surfmen try to find out what the city folks think they saw. And then, singing sands—there's none about here and I don't rightly know whether the service is doing much in that line now. But there was a time when surfmen took the measure of those barking beaches, as *I* call 'em, and sent samples of the sand to Washington to a man that was studying 'em. Seems to me as if I just heard he was dead. . . . And then, of course, there's bottles. If a bottle was to come ashore to-night, I'd look sharp to see if it was one turned adrift by the Hydrographic—to see which way the current drives, you know. If it was, I'd mark it where found and when, and ship it on to Washington. That's the kind of scientists we are." . . . "That ain't all," he went on, after a pull or two at his pipe. "We're pretty good hunters. Down to Amagansett

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they got a shark never before caught in American waters. And Spring Lake, New Jersey, took in a bottle-nosed whale, a great curiosity, that kind o' whale having about gone out. The keeper telegraphed to the Smithsonian Museum, and they sent a man double quick to see it. Keeper was a friend of mine. He had a hard time keeping the people from making way with the beast, which was getting kind o' high. But the scientific man got there and took its skin, and made a plaster cast of the whale, and took it 'way to Washington."

"But," said the Spectator, "what's this I see about fires?" "That's right," said Keeper, promptly. "You see we have to keep a sort o' fire patrol. Come winter the beaches round the stations are deserted, hotels and cottages shut up, and then tramps and hunters light beach-fires, and leave 'em burning. Careless, you know. But as like as not the sparks will catch the beach grasses and run along, run along till they find a house. Why, last winter this whole outfit"—he waved his hand toward the line of flimsy shore cottages—"would have been cleaned right out if it had not been for us and our force-pump. Fires? Why, I've helped to put out everything from an automobeel to a cranberry bog."

As he seemed to have run down for lack of breath, the Spectator followed the keeper's example in gazing ruminatingly out over the paling sea. At length, he seeming likely never to speak again of his own motion, the Spectator discreetly stirred him up. "I see by this clipping that you surfmen do some medical work. I suppose that means in resuscitating the drowning." "That means a whole lot," said Keeper, seriously. "You'd be surprised what a lot o' people put in at the stations when they're anywise in trouble. Hunters that's got shot up by their loving friends, and fishermen with fish-hooks in their fingers or with bites from stingarees; sunstrokes and frostbites, broken legs and splinters—they all come to the station medicine-chest. You see along the shore maybe there won't be a doctor for miles and miles. Some of the cases are funny, too. There was a girl in Texas got bit by a rattlesnake, and she jumped on horseback and galloped miles to have the nearest keeper suck the wound. You'd think any other man would have done. But we've got up quite a little reputation, you see. Why, one day a tramp blew in here for me to mend his wooden leg!"

"Oh, yes," he muttered, a trifle bitterly the Spectator thought, "we're powerful handy, 'most as good as the corner drug-store. If a bell falls out of a church steeple—ask the surfmen. If a flag gets stuck at half-mast on a county building (they can climb)—ask the surfmen. If your horse falls down the well—ask the surfmen. (That last happened, too.) If your seine net or your dory is astray, the surfmen will go after it. Oh, yes, we dive for watches that fools drop overboard, and chase pigs and cows that swim out to sea, and help the police run down water-thieves and sometimes land-thieves that have taken to the water, and hold up smugglers, and nab Chinamen trying to sneak in along the coast, and small boys that have run away from home; to say nothing of recovering bodies and saving stuff from wrecks. Oh, yes, we're mighty handy, and everybody likes us till paying time comes round. And then we can sing for a decent wage or a pension for our families when we go down some dark night in pursuance of our duty!" Keeper's eyes were gloomy. His pipe was out. The Spectator found it expedient to take himself away.

But as he trudged the heavy sands he could not help reflecting how singular is our treatment of heroes. We praise them, and don't associate with them. We write sonnets in their honor, and cheerfully accord them the blessings of poverty, loneliness, and the simple life. Let them live hard, work hard, and die hard. They like it, and it agrees with them. Terence McGovern is the bravest man on the whole Atlantic coast? Then the bleak life-saving station with six hundred a year is good enough for him. Cool, resourceful, daring, indomitable—yet the most chicken-livered clerk in the least heroic counting-house gets a better wage than he. Is heroism, then, so cheap?

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THE NEW BOOKS

It is not easy to put into words the deep feeling that is stirred in response to an apparently simple story called "Mother," written by Kathleen Norris. It is so natural that one pauses in reading with oft-repeated reminiscent smiles; so true that tender, remorseful memories keep the tongue silent, though the heart cries out; so sweet and noble that even the callous selfishness of frivolity must be pierced. All this in a perfectly unassuming story of a plain American family, practicing economy of the strictest sort, limited in opportunity, shabby, and happy. The book opens with a scene in a village schoolroom where Margaret, the oldest of a group of seven boys and girls, finds herself discontented, longing for much that she never has had, exclaiming that "nothing ever happens to us except broken arms, and bills, and boilers bursting, and chicken-pox! It's drudge, drudge, drudge, from morning until night." Poor, pretty Margaret! We follow her through happy fortune, as she thought, and such as she really enjoyed, but she returns to "Mother" and home, to learn the beautiful, wonderful lesson which her mother's life of commonplace duties was to teach her. There is not an overstrained moment in the whole happy story. Just the dawning of true appreciation in a daughter's heart of the meaning of her mother's life, and the contrast it presented to that of the delightful woman whose social secretary Margaret has been. Mrs. Carr-Boldt busy! "Milliner, manicure, butler, chef, club, card-table, tea-table—these and a thousand things like them filled her day, and they might all be swept away in an hour and leave no one the worse." Read of one of the days passed by "Mother," the dearly loved, busy, practical mother, and see the difference. If this book, in no sense a moral tract, could be used as a gift book for the holidays, the effect of its common sense and truth would be of permanent value, awakening those who trifle and comforting those who toil for love. (The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.)

Mrs. Mabel Osgood Wright has written a delightful story, "The Love that Lives," a story that adds strength to the hope roused by Mrs. Norris's "Mother," that homely duties, love founded upon respect, and happiness amid privations and hard work are not gone out of the world represented by novelists. Of course every one knew the world was not as arid as it was painted in the desert of dry words, but it is most refreshing to find the wholesomeness we all know about in truly good stories at last. A young minister and his wife began their united life in the parish where they remained for twenty-five years. There their children were born. There they learned to know the needs of themselves and to consider the different needs of their growing children. There the wife and mother grew old in face, but not in heart, and set before her children an attainable ideal of wedded love. The girls and boys of the book are delightful, funny, young, often foolish and impetuous, but each one bringing to light the seed sown by father and mother in a home irradiated by religion and human love. The book is very quotable. "I think," said Martin, in reply to his sister's comment upon the hard work their mother had in her position as minister's wife—"I think it is one reason why it is coming to be that there are fewer ministers. It isn't a reflection upon either religion or God, but upon the stupid way in which man handles the practical end of things spiritual. Exactly as the abandoned farms and the boys rushing to the city does not mean that the earth is a bad proposition, but that man misunderstands and dishonors it." A character is touched off thus: "One of the fatalities that seemed always to follow him was the missing of the most satisfactory and spontaneous side of life through a dutiful attention to unnecessary details." How well that cap fits many of us! The discussion of difficulties in church methods allows the author to give some definite and sensible opinions. The home for women, business for women, as well as cloistered life for women, all enter into this breezy story of broad views and happiness. (The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.30.)

In an impassioned Prologue, Marie Corelli sets down in clear terms the belief elaborated in her new novel called "The Life Everlasting." She admits she cannot force her faith upon others, but just as little can she avoid offering it for their acceptance. It is a fantastic faith compounded of confidence in love as the source of life, of the immortality of the soul, and of the transmigration of souls until perfection of love is attained. All this is woven into a romance enacted partly on board the luxurious yacht of an American millionaire, and partly in the weird retreat of a reincarnated Egyptian interpreter of life and love. (The George H. Doran Company, New York. $1.35.)

"The Golden Spears, and other Fairy Tales," by Edmund Leamy, are introduced to American readers by John E. Redmond and T. P. Gill, both recommending them highly. The lover of real, true fairies will not find the introduction too flattering. Without a suspicion of modern doubt, the nine little pipers, the fairy queen, the "pooka" or wild pony, the weird little old man,

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and the equally weird little old woman appear in the lives of the men, women, and children of Erin. True Gaelic fancy and poetry have full sway in the pretty tales. We could wish a child no happier hour than to be lost in these absorbing and graceful stories. (Desmond Fitzgerald, New York. $1.)

Mary E. Waller has gone to Paris for her latest tale, "My Ragpicker." She depicts in vivacious narrative, often touched with pathos, "a little white soul" found in the miserable garb and surroundings of the quarter of the Buttes-Chaumont, haunt of poverty and filth, yet guarded by the stately beauty of Notre Dame of Paris. The story is well told and excellently balanced, never spoiled by melodrama. The little maid, a nameless orphan, does her hard work cheerfully, but longing with all her soul for mother-love. This she finds at last in the cathedral, and then comes naturally into her place among her companions. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 75 cents.)

"Honey-Sweet" was the doll's pet name, but her real name was Mrs. Emily Patterson, after the lady who had made her, to comfort a lonely deserted child. The writer of this pretty story, Edna Turpin, does not overemphasize the sorrows of Anne, but she makes us feel them deeply. A delightful episode, wittily treated, is that describing the perfectly irresponsible family circle of Callahans, and their frequent appeals to the charity office. The friendly spirit of little Anne won affection from every one she came in contact with in her troubled career, and she deserved the happiness she found at last. (The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.25.)

"Off the Main Road: A Village Comedy," by Victor L. Whitehouse, is a notable addition to the prized company of clever, accurate character studies of English rural life. The author is to be congratulated upon his skill and eminent success. Little Marpleton was four miles away from the railway, and many years behind in modern progress. But it was none the worse for that. When the old rector died, a new and very different one came, to the outspoken criticism of the villagers. The tavern talk and humor are as fresh and true as Hardy's or Phillpotts's, though different in pitch. There is not an uninteresting page in the whole delightful book. (The Baker & Taylor Company, New York. $1.20.)

It has been considered a doubtful experiment to cast a novel in the form of one-sided letters, but surely the success of many of these ventures must prove the doubt untenable. "The Pretender Person" in Margaret Cameron's story of a visit to Mexico is so shadowy that one almost overlooks him in the very vital group of actors who live through several love adventures. A great deal of interesting information about Mexico, with sensible comment upon recent misrepresentations of our neighbor, fills out these well-written but very long letters from Jean Grayson to a casual acquaintance needing a cheerful diversion. In the end both Jean and her correspondent were diverted. (Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.30.)

Mr. W. W. Jacobs, in his "Ship's Company," again gives us good cause for laughter. Most of his tales are of sailormen or longshoremen, and their queer adventures are told with sly humor. We will not say that this collection is equal to Mr. Jacobs's earlier stories, but, on the whole, he keeps up his peculiar kind of fun amazingly well. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.25.)

The modest title "As I Remember" does not prepare one for the multitude of exact details recorded by Mrs. Marian Gouverneur, in her reminiscences of a long life passed principally in New York and Washington society. By birth and marriage she was intimately related to the inner circle of men and women concerned in the formation of social, political, and religious precedents in our country. A keen observer, competent and individual in her opinions, Mrs. Gouverneur must have exerted a beneficial influence wherever she was. Her narrative teems with genealogical details, lightened here and there with acute comment or anecdote. The book will be of especial interest to New Yorkers and Washingtonians whose names occur frequently. As the wife of Samuel L. Gouverneur, Jr., she went with him to Foochow, where he acted as Consul before the Civil War. Nothing is more striking than the contrast between those days in China and the present. To the class known to the author as "missionaries," mostly nameless, though sometimes her hospitable hosts, is due in large part our knowledge of the East, and from their work, religious, educational, social, and medical, has come the impulse toward progress now thrilling the whole of the great Chinese Empire. (D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.)

A beautifully printed anthology of poetry written for or about children is published under the title of "The Treasure Book of Children's Verse." The editors are Mabel and Lilian Quiller-Couch. Genuine respect to the taste and appreciation of young people is shown in the refined elegance of the typography of this book. The paper is unusually good, the margins are ample, and the whole appearance is worthy in the artistic sense of the word. The pictures are by M. Etheldreda Gray, and they are charming studies in color. The poems include many old favorites, and range from Jane and Ann Taylor to Eugene Field. The older writers are

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very fully represented—Chaucer, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Shakespeare head the list. So far as we have noticed, there is not an unworthy or unfamiliar poem in the book. The form of the volume is that of a good-sized quarto, and the decorative cover is decidedly well suited for holiday purposes. (Hodder & Stoughton, New York. $5.)

Following the beautiful tribute of a daughter to "Two Noble Lives," recently reviewed in The Outlook, another daughter (Maud Howe) writes of "The Eleventh Hour" in the life of Julia Ward Howe. The last five years of Mrs. Howe's long life were fruitful in happy toil. If one learns the admirable lesson offered by this life, always busy, always joyful, always forgetful of herself in service for others, a long step will be taken in character-building. A portrait accompanies the little book and shows an aged face glowing with spirit and thought. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 75c.)

The pleasant quiet of an English twilight spent on the Backs of Cambridge, beside the tiny river, and within sound of the chatter of the dispersing choir boys of King's Chapel, is recalled by a desultory volume of the vacation thoughts of an American schoolmistress. Mary Taylor Blauvelt loitered "In Cambridge Backs," denied her proposed study by ill health, but using her time happily in setting down her thoughts on various subjects. Good common sense, a cheerful and devout temper, with knowledge of human nature as seen among students and their teachers, fit the writer for her work. She makes a spirited plea for the "New School Mistress," even though she *may* drop into teaching her contemporaries and yet dislike to be known on her vacation as a teacher. Of course she always is known, but is it "such a disgrace"? Aren't clergymen, doctors, lawyers, generally recognized? A grave and sane discussion of Friendship lifts it to its proper level in life. A good analysis of the qualities which make us critics of our fellows and a thoughtful chapter upon Immortality indicate the range chosen by this pleasant writer. (Sherman French & Co., Boston. $1.20.)

"The most insistent word in the dictionary is meanwhile," says Mr. Frank Crane in one of his crisp utterances, no one subject occupying more than a page and a half in the volume he calls "Human Confessions." "What mother knows how to bring up a child? Meanwhile she has to bring him up. Who can tell the absolute right in politics? Meanwhile one must vote. . . . Who knows the truth about the creeds? Meanwhile we must believe something." What to do meanwhile is the question, and whoever escapes it loses his life." Such is the stimulating material for thought given us in this little book. He tells us faith is the remedy against old age. "The old doctrine of 'Justification by Faith' needs to be brought out, dusted, reshaped and put into use. Nothing can 'save' one, even in the most modern sense nothing can make and keep one well and strong and glad, except faith." "If we must do good to folks, if we feel it is our bounden duty to uplift somebody and rescue the perishing, let us by all means spare our loved ones and go out and uplift some disagreeable people." Says Mr. Crane in his brief discourse upon "The Reformer," William Carey had "something better than wisdom, he had faith." "There are plenty of people to do the possible; you can hire them at forty dollars a month. The prizes are for those who perform the impossible. If a thing can be done, experience and skill can do it; if a thing cannot be done, only faith can do it." We have let Mr. Crane speak for himself, convinced that he is capable and must attract the attention of intelligent readers. (Forbes & Co., Chicago. $1.50.)

As Cole Lecturer at Vanderbilt University in 1911 Mr. Robert E. Speer happily met the condition required of him—the "defense and advocacy of the Christian religion"—by drawing on the rich treasury of Christian biography. The scope and the spirit of his volume, "Some Great Leaders in the World Movement," appear in the themes selected for the lectures thus entitled—Raymond Lull, the Christian Crusader; William Carey, the Christian Pioneer; Alexander Duff, the Christian Student and the World's Educator; George Bowen, the Christian Mystic; Lord John Lawrence, the Christian Statesman; General Charles George Gordon, the Christian Knight Errant. In these pen pictures there is memorable history as well as stimulating biography, together with suggestive glimpses of a century and more of the evolution of religion. (The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $1.25.)

Miss Eleanor H. Abbott, whose "Molly Make-Believe" had a captivating quality and made a host of friends, has gathered a number of short stories in her new volume, "The Sick-a-Bed Lady." The lady who gives her name to the collection is a mystery to the very end, and her mystery is much more tragical than that of her predecessor, who was making believe. The stories are all unconventional, although they conform to a certain model in the writer's mind. They are written in staccato style, which is effective in dealing with certain motives in short stories, but would be fatal in a long story. The young women are up to date; many of them have their own way to make, and they make it with great courage and gayety. They are audacious and mischievous in a sprightly way, but it is hardly necessary to say that they are girls who know the difference between fun and the kind of sport that is described in novels of another

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class. They are kind to one another, and they understand that kindness is best expressed in service. It is from this point of view, rather than from that of literature pure and simple, that this story ought to be judged. (The Century Company, New York. $1.30.)

LETTERS TO THE OUTLOOK

ETHICS AND WAGES

Will you permit a small correction in the article of Mr. George Frederic Stratton in your issue of September 16? I make the correction not to improve a minor detail in an essay by one of the keenest of sociological writers, but because an ethical principle was made the foundation for the plan of compensating workers which he refers to, and this ethical principle has been overlooked by Mr. Stratton, although it seems to us of greater importance in promoting peace and good will than anything else that was done.

Our worker does not receive pay for half the time he saves below the standard set, the company taking as its gain the other half. Such a plan, if the standard is fairly determined, would be unfair to the worker, therefore dishonest on the part of the company.

In the plan in question the company standardized major and minor conditions which affected the work, thus making it possible for the worker to attain an unusually high standard with an unusually small effort. After a standard, which is fair, has been set by an expert seeking neither for the employer nor the worker an unfair advantage, the latter receives not only *all the time* he saves below standard, but he receives, in addition, a bonus of twenty per cent above wages for the time he works.

This plan has been attacked by some unthinking employers and by some unthinking labor leaders. The former fear the worker is receiving too much, not realizing that in labor as well as in material and equipment quality is far more important than quantity. Improved quality costs more, but it is one of the laws of progress that quality usually improves faster than cost. Labor leaders will not admit that greater output can be delivered with less effort, and some of them, without investigation, blindly insist that greater output is *prima facie* evidence of injustice to the worker.

The real effect of the plan is vastly to increase the net earnings of the worker per unit of effort and also vastly to increase the net earnings of the plant per hour of normal operation. As wastes are eliminated, employee, employer, and the purchasing public appropriate portions of the saving.

I disapprove of piece rates as well as of profit-sharing for ethical, physiological, economic, productive, and practical reasons. This is another subject into which I need not enter now, but, in order to bring out the ethical differences, I do desire to make a comparison between our plan and piece rates, many superficial observers classing them as identical.

A fair piece rate is generally set by determining for an operation a low time by a specially skilled operator, figuring the wages for that time and making this amount the rate for the piece. All, young and old, novices and old hands, unskilled and adepts, are given the same piece rate, whether for ten pieces or for ten thousand.

Under our plan we vary the standard time for the same operation as conditions vary. There is a greater time allowance per piece for two pieces than for ten or for a thousand. There may be a greater time allowance for one machine than for another, a greater time allowance for one worker than for another.

Time schedules for each operation having been adopted—time schedules that independent and impartial experts would approve as fair—the workers divide themselves into those who can do better than standard time and those who do not attain standard time.

Those who can work faster than standard time are paid:

(1) The equivalent of a fairly determined piece rate.

(2) A bonus of twenty per cent for the time worked.

The worker therefore receives full pay, not half pay, for all the time he saves and a bonus in addition.

To those who cannot work as fast as standard time we pay as they fall in ability:

(1) The equivalent of a higher and higher piece rate.

(2) A bonus gradually diminishing from twenty per cent above standard wages for standard time to no bonus for those who work only two-thirds as fast as standard.

If, for instance, the equivalent standard piece rate is $0.10 and the worker, under our plan, should turn out 30 a day, earning $3 as wages and $0.60 bonus, then the worker who can only turn out 20 pieces a day is paid the equivalent of $0.15 a piece. If he can only turn out 15 pieces a day, then he receives the equivalent of $0.20 a piece.

To the unthinking it would seem as if the

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worker would prefer to work slowly and earn the higher rate. Experiment in the largest scale has shown that this is not the case, that the worker prefers joy speed, prefers to turn out 30 pieces and earn $3.60 rather than dawdle over 20 pieces or even 15 pieces and earn $3. The good worker, under good conditions of tools, supplies, work, machines, foremanship, is like his brother in the automobile. It is not necessary to make any laws against slow speed, it is necessary to detail policemen to check joy speeding.

If the employer wants to know why ethically he should pay very high piece rates to an unskilled worker, the answer is ready. The employer who is so blind to his interests, to those of the employee and to those of society as to retain man, woman, or child in work conditions which do not result in at least standard pay to the worker and standard low cost of production, ought to have his own loss, his own excessive costs, brought forcibly home to him.

The great loss is not in the wages paid, but in the inefficiency, and this inefficiency is brought forcibly to his attention and those of all his assistants when they see the piece rates climb. The Vice-President of a great railway company said to me that he could not see that his company was losing if a piece-worker could not make wages.

One of the greatest losses occurring in modern society is due to workers wastefully busy on work either above or below their capacity. If working inefficiently at work above his capacity, the work is a failure and he ought to be diverted to other work. If working below his capacity, he is not earning as much as he is worth.

New York City. HARRINGTON EMERSON.

THE TYRANNY OF THE EXPRESS COMPANIES

Who will deliver us from the tyranny of the express companies? The foregoing question is purely rhetorical. It is not expected that the editor of The Outlook or any one else will hazard a reply.

On the 26th of June, 1910, I shipped my steamer rug from the American Express Office in Hamburg, delivery to be made to the steamer Lake Manitoba at Liverpool, August 4. When I timidly suggested that the package might miscarry, I was silenced with that positive sort of assurance with which Matthew Arnold asserts that miracles do not happen. The rug missed the boat. Consequently the pleasure of my return voyage, via the northern route, was somewhat akin to pain. After my arrival at home I corresponded with the American Express offices in Hamburg, London, and Montreal, and also with the steamship company and the Montreal office of the Grand Trunk Railroad Company. On the 10th of December that rug was delivered to me, and now I have it to hand down to posterity. Of course I paid carrying charges to the utmost farthing.

Hear yet another instance in proof of my contention that express is a vain thing for safety. On the 1st of October, 1909, I sent my winter coat to a well-known dry-cleaning establishment in Cincinnati. Those in charge of the matter averred that they had returned the garment to the express office at the expiration of six days. Nine and one-half months later, or August 12, the package came to hand. Where it had been in the meantime no man knoweth unto this day. It had become necessary to buy a new coat and the one recovered was hopelessly out of style. Nevertheless, I paid the usual express charges in full.

My present cause of anxiety is a package returned three weeks ago to a New York department store. I prepaid forty-five cents expressage. Parcels ten times as large are carried from London to Liverpool by post for a sixpence. But mine is lost. Tracers find no trace. Some day next spring when winter goods are being put away in moth balls that article of merchandise will turn up, and my money will be refunded by the department store.

Why not a parcels post?

Oxford, Ohio. FRANCES G. RICHARD.

THE JACOB A. RIIS NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSE

From the very beginning of our work in Henry Street The Outlook has been our mouthpiece, and its readers are in a very large measure responsible for what goes on there. Hence this accounting every spring and fall. The season passed without untoward incident. Our mothers and their babies had their holiday on Twin Island, our girls in the Vacation Club's homes, some of our boys camped on a Jersey farm with one of our volunteer workers and paid their way like men, getting no end of fun from it; others were the guests of the Hotchkiss fellows at Lakeville, Connecticut, and had the time of their lives. Three hundred we were unable to send on a vacation. We need more and more a holiday house, a farm with a roomy house, near enough to the city to be reached without great expense. Several have been offered by friends, but they were always so far away that going there would eat up all our funds. Such a house, when we get it, we shall want to keep open the year round, as a great boon to convalescents, mothers especially. Who will give us the house?

Ever more urgent is the want of volunteer workers who will give a couple of hours in the afternoon to our young boys, or in the evening to the girls who need them very badly indeed. The greatest gift is still yourself. Checks from our friends will be acknowledged by Lilian House Brooks, Treasurer, 48 Henry Street, New York.

JACOB A. RIIS, President.

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BY THE WAY

Paris, according to a correspondent of the London "Lancet," is uneasy over the diminution of its milk supply. The drought of last summer and disease among cattle have combined to cause an unusual shortage. The population is to be put on a short milk ration; families with young children will have the preference in the order of serving.

Among popular superstitions, according to an article in a current medical magazine, is to be included the belief that lightning "prints photographs" of trees, landscapes, etc., on the bodies of persons who are struck. The lines made by the bolt, it is said, are merely localized congestions following the course of the blood-vessels.

A recent court decision upholds a corporation's right to the exclusive use of a family name which has become associated with an article of manufacture, even when the members of the family have withdrawn from the corporation. Mr. Jones, for instance, cannot sell out his interests in the famous "Jones Piano" and then form another company to manufacture "Jones Pianos." He can, says the decision, still make pianos, but he must call them by some other name than his own.

"The Musician" urges that work done by public school pupils in studying music outside of school, under private teachers, should be credited by the school authorities at the pupil's graduation. This, it says, would largely increase the number of pupils who would feel free to devote some of their time to the serious study of music. A plan for such co-ordination of public and private instruction in music is suggested by "The Musician."

Persons interested in literary "sources" have so far failed to find any copy of the "Dollar Newspaper" in which Poe's celebrated story of "The Gold Bug" was originally printed in 1843. They have, however, found another newspaper of nearly the same date, the "Saturday Courier," in which the story appeared as a reprint. But who can tell how many variations from the original text this may contain? Printers of those early days were wont to take liberties with their "copy," especially when it was taken from a rival sheet.

Cornell University, of New York, is spending more than $1,000,000 in the construction of new buildings.

An English writer, describing "Waterloo as Napoleon Saw It," in the "Cornhill Magazine," pictures Napoleon as anticipating the methods of recent warfare, while Wellington's methods were those of the feudal conqueror: "Wellington . . . was on horseback during the whole of the day, constantly riding from one threatened point in his position to another; but Napoleon's methods as a commander were of a different order. He remained at one point, usually sitting at the table on which his map was spread." And yet Wellington never lost a battle; while Napoleon lost—Waterloo!

Almost everything, first or last, seems to be thought of by the fertile brains that are working out the Panama Canal project to a successful issue. One of the latest items is that several thousand pounds of grass seed have been sent to the Zone, to be used in growing a sod that will be tenacious enough to prevent the washing away of the soil on the slopes of the Canal.

The California Board of Pharmacy is reported to be alarmed over the spread of the use of the "loco" weed as a narcotic. This weed, known botanically as *Astragalus hornu*, is a native of Mexico, and is said to be even worse than morphine in its effects as a drug. Horses and cattle that eat the leaves get "locoed," or crazy, and on human beings the effects are similar to those of the East Indian hasheesh.

The report of the committee which investigated the destruction of the French battle-ship Liberté ascribes the explosion to defective powder, discarding entirely the hypothesis of a malicious attempt to destroy the vessel. The committee questions whether an order to abandon the ship should not have been given as soon as the serious nature of the fire was discovered; the frightful loss of life might thus have been averted.

A novel and useful hero fund has been established by a citizen of Ludlow, Massachusetts, by which from time to time a gold watch is presented to a young man of the village who has a record of total abstinence from the use of alcohol, tobacco, and profanity. The competition for the honor is said to have had a marked effect for good on the young men of the place.

New York City surface car lines still carry more passengers than either the subway or the elevated roads. For the year ending June 30 the figures are (for Manhattan): Surface roads, 386,952,020; elevated roads, 301,449,292; subway, 276,704,796.

America now has the doubtful honor of consuming more beer—1,851,090,000 gallons in 1910—than any other nation. We do not, however, drink as much beer per capita as is consumed in either Great Britain or Germany. Great Britain heads this list with 31½ gallons, Germany comes next with 26½ gallons, while the United States is credited with only 20 gallons per capita.

One of the mysteries of the bird world, says a well-known ornithologist in "House and Garden," is what becomes of the chimney-swallow, or, more correctly, the chimney-swift, in winter. These matchless fliers leave for the tropics in the fall; they disappear when they reach the Gulf of Mexico, and for five months are completely lost; then they reappear in the United States, in countless thousands; but where they spend their tropical vacation no naturalist has yet succeeded in discovering.

Mr. Waldemar Lindgren has been appointed Chief Geologist of the United States Geological Survey. Mr. Lindgren was born and educated in Sweden, is a graduate of the School of Mines of Freiburg, and has been connected with the Geological Survey since 1884. His specialty is mining geology.

Dr. Benton, the new President of the University of Vermont, differs from Dr. Osler, of Oxford University, as to the age-limit for productive work. According to Dr. Benton, a man's best work is done at the age of sixty-five. "This is the age of the prepared man," he is reported as saying. "Preparation for largest usefulness is hindered by prematurity."

The rule of the road, it seems, is not to be changed in France, according to recent despatches. The proposition was finally defeated, and vehicles will continue to keep to the right, as in America.

Writing of "Asiatic Turkey under the Constitution," a contributor to "Blackwood's Magazine," a resident of Turkey, says: "The past two years have not, in Asia, been years of promise unfulfilled. I will not say that they have been a period of unbroken progress, but it cannot be denied that an effort has been made to solve age-long problems of government, and that, upon the whole, it has been made on the right lines."

The search for "Mona Lisa" continues without result. A well-known French collector has proposed a national subscription to a fund to be offered for the restoration of the picture, and has himself headed the list with a subscription of 50,000 francs.

The "Rubáiyát" of Omar Khayyám has had a great fascination for English-speaking poets. Besides the famous translation by Edward FitzGerald, which to most readers is the only Omar, a writer in "Notes and Queries" names no fewer than thirty-two other English versions, and asks for information as to any that he may have overlooked.

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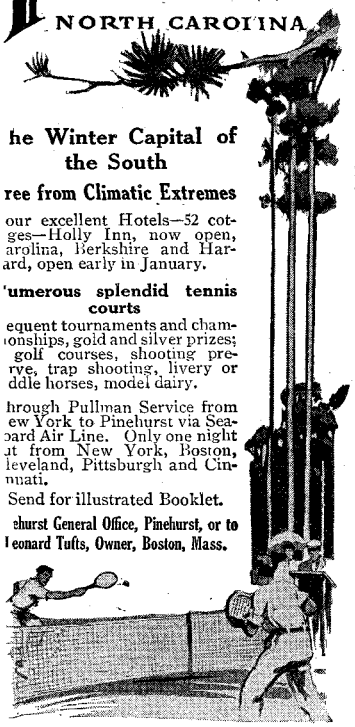

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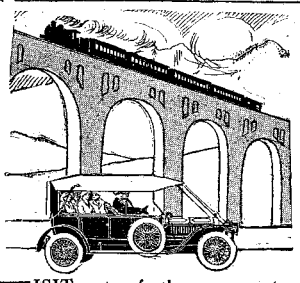

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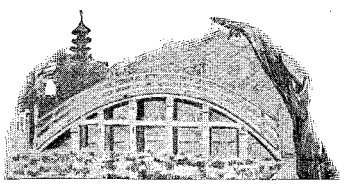

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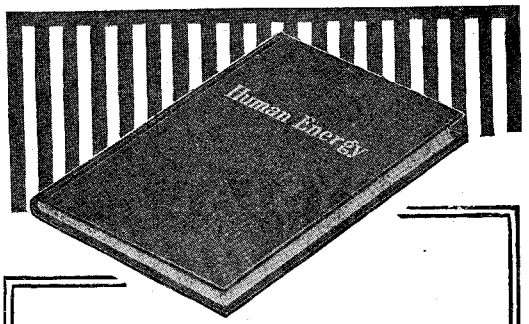

I Want to *Give* You "Human Energy"

My book explains, for the first time, the laws governing right exercise. It shows clearly and concisely why a few minutes daily of movements scientifically directed to reach your internal organs—all of which are muscles—will do infinitely more for your health and strength than hours of random exercise.

I offer it to you free, because I want you to understand the principles underlying The Thompson Course, which has brought thousands of men from uncertain health and inefficiency into fuller, more useful and serener life.

Sooner or later you will adopt the principles of my Course—all men of sedentary life will. You will find "Human Energy" a real contribution to the science of making the most of oneself. It is startling, yet obviously true. Sending for it puts you under no obligation, except to read it as though it were written by a friend.

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For the Scientific and Effective Treatment of
CANCER
Without Resorting to Surgical Procedure

The only private institution of magnitude in the United States for the exclusive treatment of Cancer and other malignant and benign new growths. Conducted by a physician of standing. Established thirty-two years.

For complete information address
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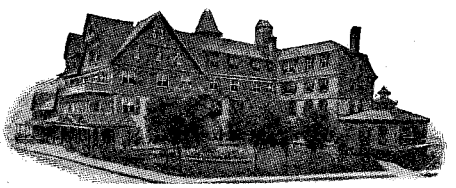

HELP WANTED

Business Situations

INCREASE your earning power by learning to write advertisements. Facts sent free. Page-Davis Co., Dept. 32, Page Building, Chicago.

WANTED—Refined, energetic woman of high educational ideals and large social connection who has had experience in building up schools. 6,822, Outlook.

BIG PROFITS—SELLING VULCAN Fountain and Stylo Pens. Well advertised, easy to sell. Write for catalog. Liberal discounts. J. H. Ullrich & Company, 27 Thames St., New York.

Teachers and Governesses

TEACHERS wanted. Vacancies rapidly occurring. Write to-day for booklet. New Century Teachers' Bureau, 1420 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

TEACHERS WANTED for public and private schools. Emergency calls daily. Send for Bulletin. Albany Teachers' Agency, Albany, N. Y.

WANTED—Trained teacher (man or woman) to purchase an interest in successful woman's college near Washington. Address 6,831, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WANTED—Intelligent country woman as general house-worker in artist's family. Must be good plain cook. Will have kind home; country summers. Wages $25. References required. Address Mrs. Geo. Grey Barnard, Fort Washington Ave. and 181st St., New York.

HELP WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

RELIABLE, refined mother's helper to care for three-year-old girl and be generally useful. 6,823, Outlook.

WANTED—Mother's assistant to take charge of six months' old child. Box 608, Ocala, Fla.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Professional Situations

COLLEGE girl wants position secretary, entertainer. Howard, 89 Maiden Lane, New York.

Business Situations

COLLEGE woman, giving up profession, would like position requiring executive ability and social address; COLLEGE MATRON, CHURCH VISITOR, etc. References. 6,826, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

YOUNG woman, experienced, wishes position traveling companion or nurse-companion. 6,825, Outlook.

GRADUATE nurse of children's hospital desires care of child, or young girl in delicate health, or motherless infant. References. 6,832, Outlook.

POSITION as chaperon to one or two young ladies at home or abroad. Experienced nurse and traveler. Credentials. 903 Clinton St., Philadelphia, Pa.

WANTED—Position as nursery governess or mother's helper by American Protestant young woman. Country preferred. C. F., 302 W. 90th St., New York.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

NURSE-companion, mother's helper, housekeeping, sewing, generally useful. 6,827, Outlook.

NURSERY governess or managing housekeeper, experienced. 6,833, Outlook.

A lady of refinement wishes position as companion in NEW YORK City or vicinity. 6,841, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

YOUNG North German (26) desires position nursery governess with children over three. Excellent German, understands very little English. Highly recommended from Germany. 6,830, Outlook.

YOUNG woman wishes permanent position as governess. 6,838, Outlook.

WOMEN'S GOODS

SASH curtains, five tucks, fancy edge, full size. Samples 20 cts. pair, postpaid. Universal Mfg. Co., Woonsocket, R. I.

MISCELLANEOUS

"GOOD King Wenceslas." Children's Christmas Play (Rice). 25 cents. R. M. Ely, Cummington, Mass.

SHOPPING done free of charge. Smart dresses made to measure at very reasonable prices. 6,718, Outlook.

EVERGREENS from Alabama forests—wild smilax, Sabal palms, holly, mistletoe, etc. Illustrated circular. Thorsby Institute, Thorsby, Alabama.

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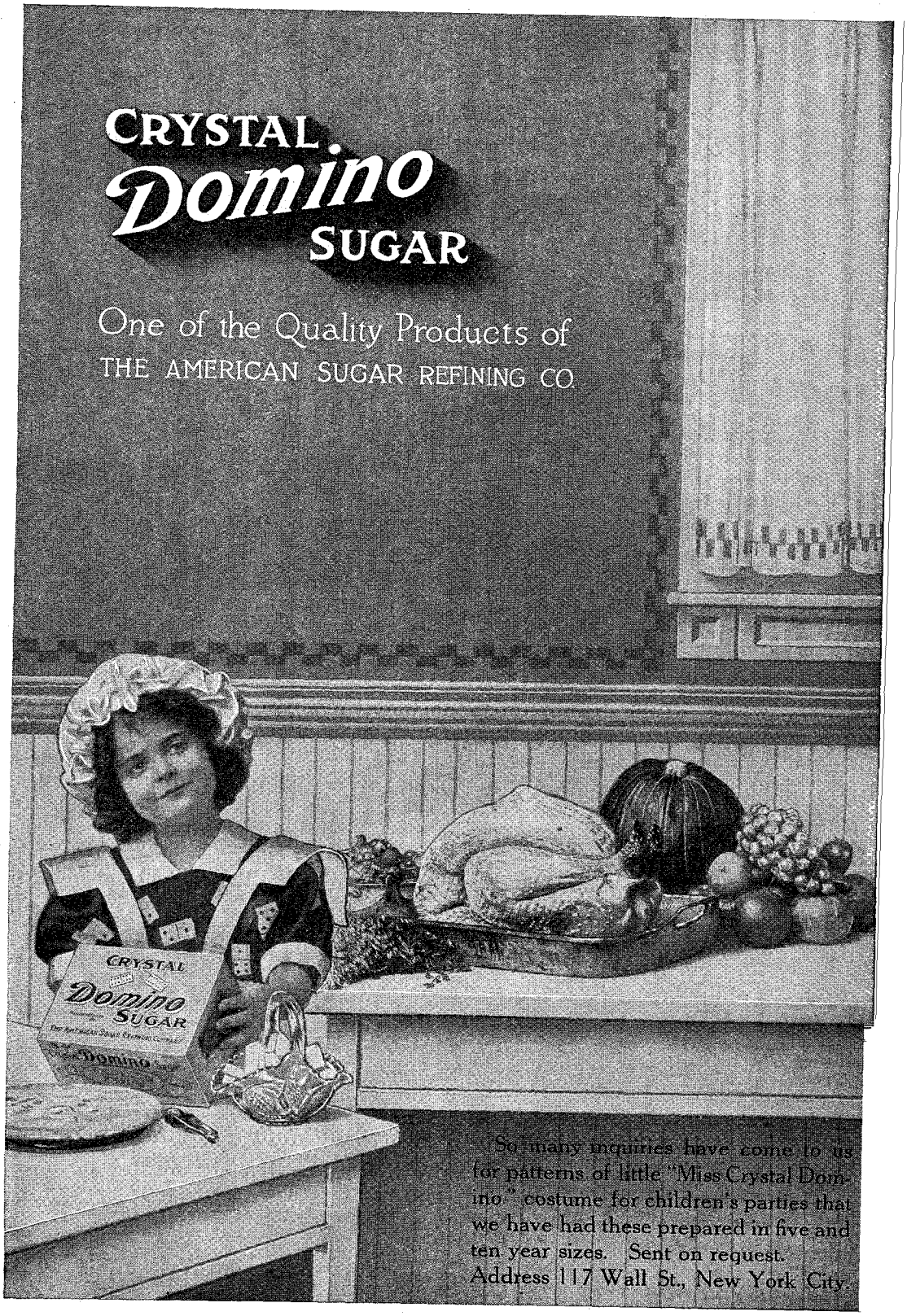
CRYSTAL
Domino
SUGAR
One of the Quality Products of
THE AMERICAN SUGAR REFINING CO.
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Domino
SUGAR
So many inquiries have come to us for patterns of little "Miss Crystal Domino" costume for children's parties that we have had these prepared in five and ten year sizes. Sent on request. Address 117 Wall St., New York City.

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Barrett Specification Roofs

Modern Concrete Plant of Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, New York
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For Modern Concrete Structures

THE popularity of Barrett Specification Roofs on modern concrete factories, railroad buildings and commercial establishments is significant. Such buildings represent the "last word" in building construction.

Concrete is used for its permanence, its fire-proof qualities, its low maintenance expense, etc., and Barrett Specification Roofs are chosen to cover such buildings as the result of equally intelligent examination into net unit costs.

The Barrett Specification Roof needs no painting or attention of any kind. The total roof expense figures out about $\frac{1}{4}$c. per square foot per year of service, a figure absolutely unapproached by any other roofing.

Roofs of this type take the base rate of insurance and are classed "slow burning construction."

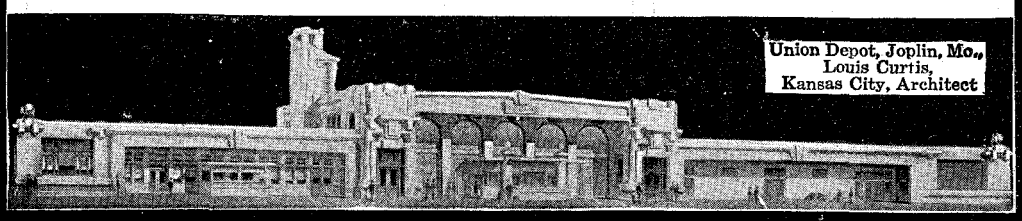
The Barrett Specification describes the method of using Specification Pitch and Specification Felt so as to secure the very best roofing service.

Copy of it free on request. Address nearest office.

BARRETT MANUFACTURING COMPANY

New York Chicago Philadelphia Boston St. Louis Cleveland Pittsburg
Cincinnati Kansas City Minneapolis New Orleans Seattle London, Eng.
Canadian Offices:—Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S.

TRADE B MARK



Union Depot, Joplin, Mo.,
Louis Curtis,
Kansas City, Architect

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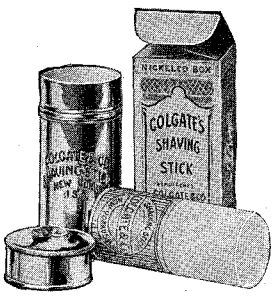
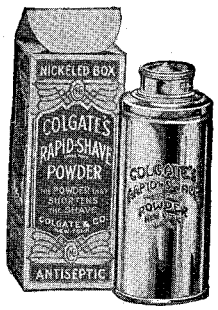
Three Methods—One Result—and Every Shaver Satisfied

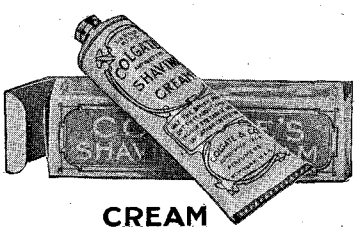
COLGATE'S
SHAVING LATHER
STICK - POWDER - CREAM



STICK



POWDER



CREAM

Every man to his method but to each the same result—a perfect shaving lather—a cool, comfortable, delightful shave.

SOFTENING—The toughest beard yields quickly and easily—mussy, "rubbing in" with the fingers is unnecessary.

SOOTHING—Cools and soothes the most tender skin. Because of the remarkable absence of uncombined alkali—Colgate's Shaving Lather means freedom from the "smart" you used to dread.

SANITARY—It is antiseptic—and comes to you in germ-proof dust-proof packages.

Do not ill-treat your face, or handicap your razor by using an inferior lather.

Send us 4 cents in stamps for trial size of stick, powder or cream.

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Dept. Z, 199 Fulton St., New York

Makers of Cashmere Bouquet Soap —luxurious, lasting, refined.

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